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GERMANY.

THE meeting of the Princes has come to an end, and it is now possible to measure its results with tolerable accuracy. Its members have very wisely accepted the Austrian project to a sufficient extent, and in a manner sufficiently definite, to render it unnecessary that there should be, as was at one time intended, further conferences of the Ministers of the different Sovereigns on matters of detail. It is idle to discuss the details of a proposition which, as it stands, can never be carried out, after it has once been ascertained what is the general drift in which the current of princely opinion runs. This has been done, and the experience thus gained is one of the chief advantages which Austria and Germany have derived from the meeting. That, in spite of all the dissensions to which the articles of reform gave rise, and in spite of the absence of Prussia, which gave a ready excuse for the minority to declare the propositions of the majority impracticable, Austria should have been able to get her project discussed in so short a time, and finally adopted with so little opposition, shows how great is the influence of the EMPEROR in Germany, and how serious the situation seems to the Princes themselves. We may be sure that most of them hate the very name of Reform, and that they would say so very frankly if they dared. But it is also evident that Austria will have great opposition to encounter whenever she attempts to carry reform further than words. The discussion on the Directory of the reformed Confederation consumed more than half of the time which the Congress devoted to business. The constitution of a merely imaginary executive body might not have excited much attention had it not been that this was selected as the battle-field on which the minor Princes decided to try their strength. Austria proposed that the Directory should consist of five members, but three of these were to represent Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria. The lesser Sovereigns felt themselves eclipsed, and contended for three instead of two representatives. As they were thoroughly in earnest, they had their way; and Austria had to agree to a change which makes it certain that, if the action of the Federal body is ever to be simplified and accelerated, the minor Sovereigns will have to be reduced to a position which they will fight hard to avoid. They also refused to follow the lead of Austria in two directions which they thought full of danger for them. They declined to guarantee her non-German possessions, and to fight in Italy or Hungary whenever she might choose to summon them. The form in which Austria had asked them to do this was to permit a simple majority of the Federal Council to determine whether the Confederation should defend the non-German possessions of its members; and they had each too much of a reasonable distrust of their neighbours to let their independence of action depend on so very frail a foundation as the chance of Austria not being able to procure a bare majority in favour of anything she pleased to propose. They were also resolute in their opposition to the clause which sanctioned the interference of the Federal Executive whenever anything in the internal condition of any State threatened a condition of things at variance with the principles on which the Confederation itself acted. Strong people can always discover that weak people are going to do something wrong; and if the Federal Executive—guided either by Austria or Prussia, or by the two in conjunction—were to be allowed to set little States right when they were merely thought likely to offend, local independence would be at an end. On both these points the Sovereigns might count on the zealous support of Germany, and the EMPEROR wisely abstained from any serious contest where defeat would have been certain.

But the Princes have a much deeper fear than any which they cared to shape in words. There is something before them

much more terrible than having two places instead of three in a possible Directory, or having to endure the arrogance or interference of Austria. There is the fear of extinction—the fear lest, in a reformed Germany, there may be no place for thirty-odd little Sovereigns. They did not reject the Austrian scheme of a National Assembly, but they could not but be aware that a National Assembly of any kind was not suited to them and their position. Prince HENRY of Holland is said to have asked them to realize as plainly as possible beforehand what a National Assembly meant. They might constitute it as they pleased, and give the Upper House in which they themselves assembled all the privileges and power they could devise. But still they would be a legislative body, and must endure the inevitable consequences. Their speeches would be heard, reported, criticised. They could scarcely hope that the criticism would always be favourable. Wits might make fun of them, and learned men might expose their blunders. This, it must be owned, is not a pleasant prospect for the lesser Princes. They have been great men, absurdly great men, in their tiny dominions. No one has been allowed to pass their palace with his hat on. To have been their fifth huntsman was a high and precious honour. It would be very mortifying to come to Frankfort and have rude people make fun of their speeches, and show up their little pompous absurdities, or else to have for ever to sit still, and feel condemned to perpetual taciturnity and impotence by their fear of ridicule. The frightful question might also rise in the breasts of men, what use there could be in having all these silent, timid princes, and what would the answer be? Sovereigns of courage and ability, who long for a wider field than that of their own pretty principality, may reasonably dream of a united Germany, and a great Empire, and a freely elected Assembly; and it was natural that the Duke of SAXE-COBURG should use his utmost efforts to get his fellow Princes to agree at once to have a real German Parliament elected by the German people. But nothing could suit the bulk of the minor German Sovereigns less; and it was only because they could not reject every plan for a new National Assembly that they adopted the proposal of Austria for an Assembly constituted on principles so conservative as to make its existence impossible. No one can exactly blame the Princes for fighting their own battle as well as they can, but they must know that their danger has scarcely begun. Austria has made Germany determined on some reform or other, and is too deeply pledged to go back. The odium of refusing is now thrown on Prussia; and if nothing happens to change the position of the parties, Austria can force the hand of Prussia, and make her join, sooner or later, in some plan that Germany will approve of. But Prussia has no choice, if she joins the movement, except to outbid Austria; and even M. VON BISMARCK has officially announced, with a ludicrous forgetfulness of his troubles at home, that Germany could never be as Liberal as Prussia would like to see her unless she had a free Parliament freely elected by the people. Austria would lose her position in Germany if she hesitated too long to agree to a proposal which would give so much delight to the people at large. A compromise may be tried for a time, and the first Assembly that meets may be formed in some sort of accordance with what Austria now suggests; but, sooner or later, the rivalry of Austria and Prussia must lead to their giving Germany what it wants, and Germany wants, in its vague German fashion, a very different Parliament from any which would be pleasant to the minor Sovereigns.

No one can pretend to guess the shape which German reform will take, for that will depend on a series of events which are yet in the darkness of the future. More especially it will depend on the continuance of peace in Europe. If Germany were ever drawn into a war for a common cause,

there would be a great impulse given to the movement towards domestic unity, and the circumstances of the war would themselves determine the arrangements that would follow. Germany is not likely to go to war unless it is very hard pressed; but it may do so, and the same national feeling which urges on the establishment of a German Parliament may also urge on the commencement of the only war which most Germans really desire. There can be no doubt that any other nation than Germany would long ago have declared war against Denmark. The Germans are thoroughly indignant about Schleswig-Holstein, thoroughly convinced they are right, and thoroughly sincere in their desire to force justice from Denmark. The danger from this source is not very imminent, for Europe does not approve of the proposed war, and Germans are the sort of bees whom a very small handful of dust will keep quiet. Yet it is not quite impossible that one of the two great German Powers might think it worth the risk to obtain the advantage over its rival of the leadership in a popular war. Nor do we see how the danger can be averted, or any service rendered to Denmark, by ignoring all the facts of the case, and speaking as if Denmark were altogether an injured innocent preyed on by a great neighbour. So far as the question is one to be judged simply by legal rules, Germany has, we think, the best of the discussion, for Denmark has bound herself to do for Schleswig what she has not done, and what, whether excusably or not, she still refuses to do. But then Germany has exacted a concession from Denmark which makes so small a State as Denmark tremble for its existence, and Europe is very anxious that the power of Denmark should not be diminished. We agree that Germany has a right to its pound of flesh, but we are also clear that we have no wish or intention to see our friend killed. The German Jew is not so ready with his knife but what we may hope that some Daniel will always be forthcoming to show how the stroke may be averted.

THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

THE Mexicans would probably do well to acquiesce in the Government which has dropped upon them, as it were, out of the sky. The earth, as far as it yielded its resources to their own industry and ingenuity, seemed to have been completely exhausted. Unable to supply the drain caused by priests and by public and private robbers, they found that even the low level of civilization which the Spaniards had left them was still further subsiding. Internal peace, credit, the respect of foreign nations, were successively or simultaneously sacrificed, and the neighbouring Republic waited until their helplessness should have reached its climax to suppress the nominal independence of Mexico. It is true that the Liberals were somewhat less dishonest than the clerical party, and some disinterested observers have thought that JUAREZ himself wished well to his country. If, however, he desired to retrace the steps of his predecessors, he was never strong enough to establish order, and he was deficient either in the power or the will to satisfy the just claims of the public creditor. Retribution often arrives when repentance has already commenced; nor was it surprising that the political sins of MIRAMON should be visited on JUAREZ. The disreputable exiles who invoked the powerful intervention of the French EMPEROR were, by themselves or by their allies, mainly responsible for the disorder which furnished a pretext for their application. It was their object to recover their former position by the selfish betrayal of their country, but it is scarcely probable that the conqueror of Mexico will render himself the tool of their ignoble ambition. The Imperial institutions which are offered as a substitute for the anarchy of the effete Republic, although in Europe they may have defeated the aspirations of nobler races for freedom, will at least afford protection to life and to property. As the Peruvians, according to their legend, submitted to MANCO CAPAC when he came to them from the strange regions of the Sun, the Mexicans will perhaps acknowledge a superior nature in the potentate who has invaded their territory, and in the Austrian prince whom he condescends to appoint as his delegate. The form of government which is good enough for Frenchmen will probably satisfy degenerate Spaniards, as well as the miscellaneous rabble of half-breeds, of Indians, and of negroes. In the absence of national traditions, they may find a common ground of unity in the apocryphal assurance that they belong to the great Latin race.

The new dynasty may, perhaps, deserve and obtain the esteem of the people by appropriating to itself the credit of

the prosperity which will ensue on the restoration of internal peace. The extraordinary progress of Spain during the last twenty years is the natural result of the discontinuance of civil wars and political commotions. The Mexicans are probably less industrious than the Spaniards, but the natural wealth of their country can scarcely be exceeded. The formation of roads and of railways, together with the suppression of robbery, would enrich the population with comparatively little exertion of their own; and foreign merchants and adventurers will supply the defects of Mexican energy, if they are protected in the enjoyment of their earnings. The German immigrants who have already found their way into the country will rapidly increase in numbers under a tolerable Government. Every nation becomes attached to a dynasty or a system under which it has advanced in material prosperity; and if the Archduke MAXIMILIAN ascends the throne, he has only to prove himself an efficient chief constable, and he will soon be respected as the founder of Mexican greatness. The Americans, if they had carried out their intentions by occupying the country, would have developed its mineral and agricultural wealth with unequalled rapidity; but they would have oppressed the natives, whom they would have regarded as an inferior caste, in accordance with their proceedings in the Mexican provinces of Texas and California. Apparent independence, combined with vigorous control, will be more advantageous to the population than the introduction of a conquering race. If the new Empire conforms to the French model, the priests will be disappointed in their hopes of obtaining a preponderating influence. General FOREY has already been compelled to correct the extravagances of a prelate whom he had imprudently appointed a member of the provisional Administration. There would have been more risk of clerical oppression if the revolution had been effected by Spanish intervention.

The external fortunes of the Empire will depend on its domestic progress. Against a flourishing and contented Mexican Monarchy no attempt will be made to enforce the pretended claims of the United States. The principle that Republican institutions ought to prevail on the North American Continent is but the expression of a wish to be gratified when circumstances allow, or the utterance of a prophecy which will be fulfilled if it so happens. The Holy Alliance determined, in the same spirit, that the maintenance of despotism in Europe was indispensable for the preservation of peace and order. When absolutism in late years went out of fashion, the theory of the Great Powers was modified in accordance with the state of things; and the MONROE doctrine, that European Governments have no business with American affairs, will become inapplicable if the new Monarchy takes root in Mexico. Federal politicians will be at liberty to maintain that France ought not to have interfered, but it will be impossible to undo an interference which will have terminated with the attainment of its object. If, however, the French occupation is followed by a recurrence of the former anarchy, every leader of an unsuccessful faction will solicit the patronage of the United States. There will always be debts and diplomatic controversies to supply an excuse for the employment of force, and it may be plausibly argued that an invasion for the re-establishment of a Republic is as justifiable as for the institution of an Empire. The Northern Americans have lately shown, in their own border States, that they understand the management of universal suffrage as well as the most zealous French agent. One body of Mexican notables has unanimously invited a foreign Prince to ascend the throne; but it would be easy to collect an equally numerous assembly to vote for a Republic of the American type. As the French say, nothing succeeds like success; and it may be added that force, when it ceases to be successful, no longer inspires the faintest respect. The failure of the French experiment would leave the field open for some future American operator.

Although England can claim no share in the glory of the Mexican enterprise, no country would profit more largely by the establishment of order in those distracted regions. The French will probably secure priority of payment for their own debts, but even a Latin race will trade more largely with London and Liverpool than with Havre. The cotton which may possibly be grown on the seaboard will find its best market in Lancashire; and the mines are already in a great measure worked by English engineers and capitalists. There is room, however, for all the trading nations of Europe to deal with a country which is rich in almost every unmanufactured product. For two or three centuries, English merchants were eager to trade with the inaccessible colonies of Spain, and the partial disappointment which has ensued on the removal of the prohibition is wholly attributable to the barbarism

and anarchy of half-civilized independent Republics. In South America, Brazil, with its imperfect copy of a European monarchy, has proved itself a better customer than any of the neighbouring States; and Mexico has equal natural advantages, with the additional good fortune of exemption from the system of negro slavery which has weakened and demoralized Brazil. When the preliminary difficulties which may delay the establishment of the Mexican Empire are overcome, England will readily commence a friendly intercourse by the recognition of the dynasty appointed by France. No more judicious principle has ever been erected into a maxim of national policy than the modern rule that all existing Governments are to be acknowledged, without reference to their origin or their merits. The English Government was consistent in protesting against the French refusal to negotiate with JUAREZ, who was then the ostensible ruler of Mexico; and on precisely the same grounds, the EMPEROR who may succeed the PRESIDENT will be regarded as legitimate, if it appears that the nation really submits to his authority. A policy dictated by common sense will be affected neither by the wrath of the Americans nor by the contemptuous satisfaction which may probably be expressed by the French.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT AT MALINES.

IT is thirty years since M. DE MONTALEMBERT first began to preach the doctrine of a free Church in a free State. He has never swerved from it, and has always advocated it as the sole remedy for the disorders of Europe and the turmoils of Christendom. In practice, he has not, perhaps, always acted up to his theory. He was among the warmest advocates of the expedition which extinguished the free State of Rome, and he was also among the most useful abettors of the earlier steps by which the PRINCE PRESIDENT, then the favourite of a free Church, stole up the slippery path to Empire. But every statesman is at times inconsistent; and if ever a statesman had an idea to which he clung firmly, and in spite of disappointment and failure, M. DE MONTALEMBERT has clung to the idea with which his name is now indissolubly associated. It must be owned that his experience cannot have been very sweet to bear. He has not seen much, in his days, either of a free State or a free Church. The Constitutional Monarchy, under which he first began to speak and write, has been replaced by a system which he employed every resource of a practised speaker to paint, at Malines, in the blackest colours. He has been reduced to thank Heaven that he, a Frenchman, is occasionally permitted to breathe a little of the pure air of liberty in Belgium. Nor can the retrospect of the history of the Church in his days be much more satisfactory to him. He has lived to see the Church prostrate itself at the foot of the man who has, as he thinks, enslaved, degraded, and demoralized France. Personally, he has lived to see the day when, in the hour of danger, and at the crisis of the contest which threatens to affect so powerfully the interests of Catholicism, he—the champion and orator of the Church—has been kept from public life by the influence of a Catholic Bishop. Nor can he trace any signs of the wish among Catholics for a free Church—for a Church, that is, which will give the liberty it receives, and will allow other opinions an equal footing with its own. Catholic Europe rings daily with the lamentations of those who think that this disastrous doctrine is to be applied in the territories of the Holy Father himself; and the Ultramontane world eagerly echoes the wild protestations of the ecclesiastics of Italy who complain that wicked men teach and read what the Church forbids, and that the accursed buildings of heretical creeds are actually permitted in the very shadow of the churches of saintly Naples. Liberal Catholicism is at a discount throughout the whole Catholic world; and even in England, the ecclesiastical authorities steadily discountenance such dangerous publications as the *Home and Foreign Review*, and the Catholic journals are afraid or unwilling to notice and discuss even the speech of M. DE MONTALEMBERT himself.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT undertakes to convince the Catholic world that it is entirely wrong, and that its true policy is to strive for political liberty, and to give up all wish to trust to the secular arm for the prevention of error. He will not have civil liberty without religious, nor religious liberty without civil. He hates the French police, and the servility of modern Caesarism; and he also hates the fires of the Inquisition, and every attempt to put down honest error. He himself, he avows, feels the personal pain as of a gag when he hears of the POPE preventing the teaching of heresy at Rome. We are afraid his mouth will be very sore for some time to come.

Local independence, no CESARS, no police, an honest sovereign people—and, on the other hand, a Church submissively accepting every doctrine and every tittle of every canon, but willing to walk side by side peaceably and humbly with all manner of heretics, insisting that they shall have fair play, and that the State shall neither help the Church nor its opponents—such is the stuff of which M. DE MONTALEMBERT'S dreams are made. Catholics will unavoidably shudder at some of the consequences it involves. A free State in Rome, with Mr. SPURGEON on his holiday tour preaching on the steps of St. Peter's, and Dr. CUMMING explaining in the Roman journals the number of the Beast, will be trials to the weak and shortsighted. It must also be discouraging to some of the most zealous of Catholics in different countries to know how totally M. DE MONTALEMBERT is opposed to them on points which they think so vital; and to remember that, in consistency, he would heartily support the QUEEN'S Colleges in Ireland, and do his best to reverse the prohibition placed, at the instance of the French clergy, on M. RENAN'S teaching, and to permit that startling thinker and refined writer to expound from the Chair of Hebrew his views on the origin of Christianity.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT knows that Catholics would not like to accept the practical consequences of his doctrine, and that their mouths are never galled by the gags to which he is so sensitive. But he tells them that there is no help for it. Democracy is advancing with the silent, irresistible motion of an incoming tide, and democracy is totally opposed to the exclusive privileges which Catholicism desires. M. DE MONTALEMBERT does not pretend to be glad of this. To him the triumph of democracy is a mournful thing. It sweeps away much that is dear and precious in his eyes. It substitutes a state of things the good of which he can with difficulty comprehend. But, whether the triumph of democracy is good or bad, it is inevitable. Therefore, Catholics had better accept it at once, throw themselves heartily into the arms of the revolution, and aim steadily at erecting political liberty on as wide a basis as possible. M. DE MONTALEMBERT, like TOCQUEVILLE, believes in democracy as in a sort of fate. It is the doom of Europe, and all civilized nations must bow to it, as all men must bow to death. To Englishmen this seems a hasty generalisation from the history of modern France and of the United States. But if democracy advances like a fate, and if we learn this from the examples of France and America, there is some reason to apprehend that Imperialism advances like a fate too. France lies tied and bound in the fetters of military tyranny, and America is almost, if not quite, within its grasp. The tendency of democracy is not to a free State, but to a State pervaded by a legion of detectives, and plunged in the silence of despair which reigns in Paris and in Baltimore. If Imperialism can be resisted or averted by the efforts of Catholics suddenly awakened to a new view of their duties and their position, it remains to be shown why democracy may not be resisted and averted too. It may seem, to meditative Catholics, quite as easy to uphold things as they are, to fight every step, to keep the POPE at Rome, and Rome free from the contamination of heresy and political liberty, as to alter the character of French democracy, and to do away with French police. There is scarcely enough probability of success for Catholics to stake their last chance on the hope of leading and guiding a regenerated democracy. Nor are the difficulties wholly external and in the political world. There are far greater difficulties in the constitution and nature of Catholicism itself. It is not by chance that Catholicism has allied itself with the cause of European absolutism. Among the characteristics of Catholicism none are more salient and permanent, none more vitally a part of its whole system and teaching, than the inculcation of obedience, the notion of the worthlessness of this world, to be compensated by the splendour of religion, and the necessity and possibility of a fixed and unalterable body of doctrine. All these things harmonized admirably with the old absolutist order of European Government. The great Conservative Monarchies wished precisely that their subjects should obey blindly, that the sense of domestic poverty should be relieved by the splendour of ecclesiastical and civil pageants, and that the principles on which the Government was founded should be accepted as beyond question or investigation. If the triumph of modern democracy means Imperialism, it is not impossible that Imperial democracy might find something akin to it in a triumphant Catholicism. But so far as the triumph of democracy means the triumph of those principles which can be conceived as the foundations of a free State; everything in the modern world tends to a

divergence from Catholicism. The habit of resisting secular authorities, and of guarding the sacredness of private life from the supervision of the police, engenders a habit of mind at variance with the notion of obeying spiritual leaders, and of submitting to the inquisition of the Confessional. The sense of the worthlessness of this life fades away before the desire of the modern world for that wealth on which the dignity and the improvement of individuals so largely depend. If modern Europe attaches more and more weight to religion, it attaches less and less weight to doctrine, and every free State involves that abandonment of all extremes of opinion which implies a doubt whether any truths can be stated in the form of a rigid system. Catholics, we may be sure, will consider all these things before they will admit that the policy to which they have adhered for centuries must now be wholly thrown aside, and that their only hopes of the future lie in establishing the free Church and the free State on which the imagination of M. DE MONTALEMBERT dwells so fondly.

CANADA AND THE MOTHER-COUNTRY.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL of Canada lately opened the first Session of his new Parliament with a speech couched in the courteous terms which befit the representative of the Crown. The substance of the message might be considered less complimentary to the predecessors of the present members, for it was necessary to observe that the last Parliament had provided neither for the defence of the country nor for the pecuniary wants of the public service. It appears that the expenditure of the province has for several years exceeded the income, and it may be hoped that the Parliament will concur with the GOVERNOR-GENERAL in the efforts which he recommends to terminate the annual deficiency. Some of the most wholesome traditions of the Imperial Parliament are but imperfectly preserved in the numerous off-sets of the Mother-country. The House of Commons invariably provides the revenue which is demanded by the Crown, and it sanctions the naval and military establishments which the Executive Government deems necessary for the public safety. It is still uncertain whether the English Constitution will bear transplanting without eventual degeneracy or change of type. Some of the most essential peculiarities of the system are unavoidably left behind by colonists. A Viceroy, as he cannot actually reign, is compelled in some degree to govern; and consequently he incurs the criticism and political opposition from which the English Crown is happily exempt. Responsible Government, as it is called, is but a recent experiment in the colonies, and it remains to be seen whether local Ministers can work in permanent harmony with the nominee of the Ministry at home. The unlimited tolerance of an absolutely unselfish policy has for some years enabled the Colonial Office to avoid serious collisions with the unpractised representatives of Canada and Australia, and a continuance of passively friendly relations may perhaps ultimately suggest the conditions under which the colonial system may be indefinitely prolonged. It is more important to the colonists themselves that free and orderly institutions should be established, in the absence of the securities which are furnished in England by the unequal distribution of rank and property. It is difficult to say how much of the English Constitution would remain if the honorary supremacy of the Crown and the influence of the upper classes were, by some political catastrophe, abolished. The colonies have the advantage of escaping the election of chief magistrates, and their Governors, unlike American Presidents, are selected with a certain regard to personal qualifications. If they can contrive to find natural leaders, and to send them as their representatives to the Legislative Assembly, they may perhaps perpetuate, in a modified form, the freedom which they inherited and imported.

The only serious difference which threatens to embroil the colonies with the Imperial Government is caused by their frequent indisposition to provide for their own protection. At the Cape of Good Hope and in New Zealand, the settlers think it the business of the Mother-country to defend all its territory against native hostilities. The obligation might be repudiated with comparative ease if the colonies were allowed to deal at their pleasure with the savage tribes within or beyond their frontiers. Borderers of European blood are seldom unwilling to fight for their homes, but they can only be trusted to carry on a war of extermination. If the Imperial troops were withdrawn from New Zealand, the Maoris would probably become extinct within a single generation. The Home Government, maintaining a certain impartiality between two classes of its subjects,

incurs, by its protection of the weaker race, a certain obligation to provide against the occasional outbreaks of barbarism; yet tax-payers at home are not unnaturally dissatisfied with the burdens which are borne for the benefit of a community perhaps wealthier than their own. The difficulties which have lately arisen with Canada are more embarrassing in theory than Maori wars, and more difficult of practical adjustment. The probable enemy has suddenly become one of the greatest of military Powers, and the danger to be feared is not the annoyance of a war with savages, but absolute subjugation. The extravagant ambition of the Northern Americans, and the malignity which they cultivate towards England, alike prompt an early invasion of Canada, either for the employment of victorious armies or as a compensation for loss and disappointment in the South. Although many of the threats which have been uttered by American speakers and writers are undoubtedly but empty insults, an attack upon Canada at the conclusion of the present war would probably be popular. If success appeared easy, the chances of the enterprise would be increased; and, on the other hand, formidable defensive armaments would be the best security for peace. There is reason to believe that the Canadians are by no means inclined to join the United States; but hitherto their Parliament has refused to provide any sufficient force for the defence of the country. The GOVERNOR-GENERAL admits that the number of volunteers has been considerably increased, but he thinks it necessary to provide a more regular force by the organization of an effective militia.

In the event of an American invasion of Canada, the Imperial Government would undoubtedly use all its available resources for the protection of the province. Ships, arms, and money, and a nucleus of disciplined troops, would be supplied with ungrudging liberality; but against invaders who have learned to bring two or three hundred thousand men into the field, it would be impossible to provide an adequate force of English soldiers. The Canadians, numbering three millions, ought, on their own soil, to be a match for any enemy; nor is there any reason to doubt the military qualities of the population. Their only excuse for backwardness consists in the argument that, while Canada would be the field of battle, the quarrel would in all probability arise between England and the United States; and it is useless to answer that, whatever might be the pretended offence, the real motive for war would be the desire of appropriating vast contiguous territories. The Americans would undoubtedly find some other ostensible cause for war, and they would enter Canada as professed friends and liberators. It is possible, also, that the rupture might really be occasioned by disputes on maritime law, or by transactions as remote from Canadian interests as the seizure of the *Trent*. If Canada were an independent Republic, it would be exposed to the cupidity and jealousy of the United States; but, as an English possession, it is liable to be involved in war by some complication of Imperial policy. It is the duty, therefore, of England to defend Canada to the utmost of its power; but the undertaking will be impossible and useless unless the province is prepared to furnish the necessary force for operations on land. It is for the provincial Parliament to determine whether the connexion with the English Empire is worth the efforts and cost, by which alone it can be maintained. Intelligent colonists will have no difficulty in ascertaining the general feeling of Englishmen in favour of retaining Canada, but they ought also to understand that the sentiment is but slightly connected with any interested calculation of utility. The connexion is worth serious sacrifices, but it is not so valuable as to justify attempts to accomplish impossibilities. Recent experience has often suggested the thought that, if Canada were independent, the blustering animosity of Washington would be as purposeless as it is already unprovoked. One of the reasons which prevent the Americans from insulting France is that there is no French territory within their reach.

If, under any circumstances, the colonial relation of Canada is discontinued, the future political condition of the country is highly uncertain. In the absence of English sovereignty, France would probably reclaim Lower Canada as a part of the destined Latin Empire on the American Continent. It is not, however, likely that such an enterprise would ultimately succeed, for the English population of Upper Canada and of the North-Western States of America would be equally interested in controlling the St. Lawrence from the great lakes to the sea. If the theorists who foretell the further subdivision of the United States are correct in their anticipations, the great valley of the St. Lawrence may possibly form one of the most powerful

States or Federations; and if the Mississippi also becomes independent, the Atlantic States may, as in the old colonial days, be surrounded on the North, the West, and the South by foreign territory. Some of the possible combinations might conduce to the greatness and prosperity of Canada, but for the present it would seem the interest of the community to retain the quiet and inofficious supremacy of the English Crown. If the connexion is worth preserving, it must also be worth fighting for; or, rather, it must be worth a preparation for war which would probably render actual conflict unnecessary. The Canadians may, perhaps, arrive at an opposite conclusion; and if they decline to defend themselves, it will be for the Imperial Government and Parliament to consider how far it is desirable to retain a possession which produces no profit, while it involves the risk, not only of an arduous war, but of a discreditable and mortifying defeat. The establishment of an English Prince as King or Viceroy in Canada would not affect the substantial merits of the question. It is only on the assumption that the permanent connexion between the two countries was already secured, that the establishment of a dependent or subordinate dynasty could be seriously considered.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THERE is something that is humiliating, as well as much that is animating, in the records of that great annual survey of the advances of human knowledge which it is the main purpose of the British Association to accomplish. The very vastness of the field traversed gives a shock to the mind. It is like entering a great library, or turning over an Encyclopedia—it gives a blow to pride, because it apparently tends so much to encourage it. And this is its effect as regards not only individuals, but man himself. It is perhaps an unmixed good for any single person to have some very decided wrench and shock to his own conceit. Just to measure the extent of his own ignorance does everybody good, however great his attainments may be. And there are few things which more imperiously appeal to our self-appreciation than to read all these increasing pages in the great book of knowledge, and to find out that to so many of us they teach nothing except the unpleasant fact of our own ignorance. But even to mankind at large, the conclusion is that old and melancholy strain that “in much wisdom is much grief,” and “he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.” No doubt there is not that particular hollowness and emptiness in the attainments of science which was probably present to the mind of the jaded and sated Hebrew Preacher when he moralized on the vanity of all human things. There is certainly a solid value in the labours of modern science, because there is no question about the certainty of their results; and in the midst of a population ceaselessly engaged in forcing the powers of nature to minister to the growing necessities of mankind, it is natural to take an optimistic view of the powers of the mind, and of its triumphs over material obstacles. At Newcastle, the achievements of the last quarter of a century would naturally display themselves as a splendid train of victories, unchequered by a single defeat. The railway system, the electric telegraph, the wonders of steam, the conquests wrought over the two great conditions of being, time and space, would appropriately lead the chronicler of these great events to see, in the powers and gifts of nature, in coal and electricity, in heat and motion, a new world, and consequently a new man. For it cannot be doubted that man, under the present conditions of life, is for all practical purposes another and a higher order of intelligence than the savage who two thousand years ago roamed in the forests and moors of the Tyne. And yet who can help feeling, in the supremacy of the present over the past, the littleness of man himself? And perhaps the giant of intellect and acquirements which the man of a thousand years hence will be will look back upon ourselves with something of the same wondering contempt with which we regard our wretched ancestors. This is not an agreeable reflection. The condition of growth is destruction. Theories perish; what we supposed to be knowledge is found to be some misty mistake; our most confident conclusions—many of them at least—must be shattered by the relentless mace of other discoverers. However rapid the relative growth of truth, after all it travels slowly, and wins its points only by relinquishing the apparent certainties of the past. Such reflections have a tendency to mitigate the fervour of the choral strain with which the triumphant advance of knowledge is saluted at these great anniversaries.

The skull was handed round at the banquet, and the

spectre of the future rose when Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG announced that, as all our prosperity—indeed, our very existence as a nation—depends upon the continued abundance of a certain natural production, the day, not a remote one, may come when the fountain-head will be cut off. Coal and iron have made England; and, though it is quite true that these mighty agents would be mere dead things without science, yet they have really produced science. A WATT or a STEPHENSON would be impossible if all England were a non-mineral country. We should not have philosophers and men of science were it not for the peculiar character of the soil on which they stand. And should our coal seams fail at the end of the fatal two centuries assigned by Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG as the possible limit of their fertility, there will certainly be no British Association to review the annual progress of science. We may talk of blood and race, but it is owing to the Gulf Stream and the coal seams that we are not, in mind and body, even as the pigmies of Labrador. We may reasonably hope that there is a pitch of material and political as well as intellectual attainment which, once gained, makes it impossible for a country to fall utterly. But either we must find a substitute for coal, or our imperial days are numbered. We may doubtless put off the evil hour by economizing a material of which we waste perhaps five-sixths; but it is somewhat alarming to be assured that, as we are not likely to get a substitute for coal-heat, either from electricity or water, we have only to depend upon the researches of science in a direction where, at present, there is nothing but a blank, and even the absence of conjecture. This, again, is hardly a pleasant subject of anticipation. No doubt there will be coal enough for the world as long as the world wants coal; but what we are asked to look forward to is the day when there will either be no Newcastle coal, or when it will not be worth while to dig in the heated bowels of a Monkwearmouth pit for the scanty relics which will then be too dear for others to buy, or for ourselves to use.

Again, while it is encouraging to find, at these great annual stock-takings of the true wealth of nations—in the enumeration of facts actually established, of difficulties for ever conquered, and of results attained which can never be lost—the most forcible and pregnant proof of the growth of the human mind, yet the very rapidity of the progress is startling. The path of construction is through destruction, and the march of knowledge is strewn with waste and ravage. How much wasted thought, how much research thrown away, how much of subtle hypothesis proved to be false, how much of patient argument found to be baseless, goes to the establishment of a great natural law! How many discoveries seem to be the result of chance, how many inventions appear to be fortuitous, how many apparent conclusions end only in barrenness and failure! We have solved the old riddle of the sources of the Nile, but the origin of man and the unity of race seem to be subjects on which it is hardly safe to trust human speculation. If the strange and mysterious views which are at least propounded on the nature of the solar essence are to be grappled with at all—if there can be anything which the human mind is capable of grasping in the suggestion that the sun is composed of objects said to be one thousand miles long, “which may be organisms possibly even partaking of the nature of life”—this may be connected with what cannot be less than a cataclysm of all human thought, and of all that has been received as knowledge in older departments than those of exact science. Indeed the progress of knowledge seems to be threatened with a series of revolutions; and revolutions, moral and scientific, as well as political, are not affairs of rose-water. Not that this is alarming, but it is very serious, not to say humbling. The very suspicion that there may be hidden powers and unknown laws of nature as dynamical as those of electricity or heat, which at present are only dimly suspected even by the most daring minds, may well make us tremble as we add page after page to the apparently endless discoveries of human knowledge. At any rate, if stability and certainty are ever to be gained, it is only through change and uncertainty. Whatever form truth may ultimately take is undoubtedly the best, because it is the only one, and we must not grudge the pain and sorrow of the birth-pang; but we are not to forget that it is a pang, and that it is to the dividing asunder of the bones and marrow. At any rate, the lesson to the philosophic mind is to be careful and moderate in speculation. We may be passing through the greatest change, and perhaps advance, which has yet characterized human knowledge. We may be on the eve of something like that great and sudden outburst of light which appeared on

the solar surface two or three years ago, and which was registered by General SABINE. But if the parallel is at all significant, we must not forget that this sudden and intense illumination was accompanied by the most violent disturbance of the ordinary and regular electric currents. We may be, and probably are, or soon shall be, in the centre of such a magnetic storm of thought. If speculation is correct in assigning this new light to an access of cosmical matter to the sun, it may be that here again the parallel is instructive and true. That is to say, there will be a storm in either case. We shall have what GOETHE sighed for—more light; but it will be on the conditions of shock and disturbance and perturbation of many received truths. Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG let fall a word or two of caution on the danger of theory being pushed into the vague region of conjecture; and though he was right in saying that the tendency of progress is to quicken progress, and that every fresh acquisition of knowledge increases the momentum of the moving mass, yet we are not to forget that high speed must be attended with peril. The crash, therefore, is to be expected; but even the crash is not necessarily destructive. A higher order of things, a nobler life, a purer atmosphere, an increasing intelligence has ever marked the great physical changes of the globe. It is in the intellectual as in the material world. God's noblest work, created in His own image, is man; and whatever changes he is to witness or to share in, the microcosm may patiently and confidently, if fearfully, await the same law of progressive advancement which seems to attend the world both of intellect and matter.

POLAND.

BY the Austrian note, Prince GORTSCHAKOFF receives formal warning that, if the just demands of Poland are not satisfied, Russia will be responsible for the consequences. Diplomacy never indulged in a more indisputable truism; but the meaning of international correspondence is contained, not in the text of despatches, but in the time, the circumstances, and the tone of a communication. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF knew already all that Count RECHBERG could tell him, except that Austria would concert her policy with the Western Powers, instead of inclining once more to the abandoned Northern alliance. An unfriendly attitude by no means implies a contingent war; but the Poles derive encouragement from the division of the partitioning Powers, and especially from the discovery that the Austrian Government thinks it worth while to conciliate the Polish inhabitants of Galicia. The successive expeditions which have been organized on Austrian territory are more formidable in their origin than in their results, as they prove that the police and the army are at least passively favourable to the cause of the neighbouring insurgents. The inconsistency which may be urged as a reproach against the Cabinet of Vienna adds to the significance of its present policy. Seventeen years ago, the administrative system of MOURAVIEFF was anticipated in Galicia; and, fourteen years ago, the Hungarians were subjected to penalties as rigorous as the deportations and executions which are now employed to strike terror into Poland. The refusal of Austria to countenance a system of repression indicates the final dissolution of the Holy Alliance, for the obstinate adherence of the King of Prussia to old despotic traditions affords little ground for confidence. Russian statesmen cannot but observe that, as soon as the Emperor of AUSTRIA professedly renounces the principles of his family, the Princes of Germany accept him almost unanimously as their natural leader. The proceedings of the Frankfurt Assembly have no direct reference to the Polish insurrection, which perhaps finds but limited favour in Germany; but Austria has become more powerful in the Confederacy through the adoption of representative institutions, and the necessities of a Constitutional system compel the Government to pursue a comparatively liberal policy, and therefore to break with Russia. It would be unreasonable to expect that Austria should take active measures to establish the complete independence of Poland; for if the Russians were forced to relinquish their spoil, the tenure of Galicia would obviously become insecure. It is not for love of Austria that the Galician gentry have protected the adventurers who were preparing to invade the Polish provinces of Russia.

The hopes which are founded on the sympathy of the Western Powers have not lately become more sanguine. The prolongation of the diplomatic correspondence has given the insurgents time to observe the state of opinion both in England and in France, and they can scarcely flatter themselves that the symptoms are becoming more warlike. In England, the Government seems, on the whole, to be in advance of the nation, which is more

deeply impressed with the evils of war than with the duty of redressing the wrongs of Poland. Calumnies founded on misrepresentations of Polish history have little effect in recommending an inaction which implies no indifference of judgment. It is not because Poland was once misgoverned that Englishmen are averse to a war with Russia, but because peace is regarded as a paramount object wherever there remains a moral liberty of choice. The cause of the Poles is more indisputably just than any reason which has in modern times raised insurrection into a duty. The Hungarians and the Italians had suffered less grievous and less demonstrable injustice, and the league of the Russian Government with a barbarous and disaffected peasantry is a social crime deserving of more thorough reprobation than any political iniquity. If moral crusades were imperative duties, there would be no need for long controversies as preliminaries to a declaration of war against Russia. The only justification of the passive acquiescence of England in an undoubted wrong is the sincere conviction that a nation cannot wisely undertake the functions of a knight errant. The generation which censured the war of 1793 against the ruffian rulers of France may hesitate when it is asked to punish even the more atrocious Jacobinism of the Russian Government in Poland. The question is still open, and public feeling may suddenly change, but for the present the nation is assuredly not prepared for a Russian war. If the insurrection attained such consistency as to authorise the recognition of the Poles as belligerents, the Western Powers would probably offer their moral support, and ultimately they might assume the character of auxiliaries; but so long as the patriots are unable to occupy a district, or even a single town, it is almost as difficult to co-operate with their exertions as to treat with their anonymous Government.

The French themselves appear to have become less eager for war, as they have reflected more maturely on the difficulties of the undertaking; and if Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, in his next reply, makes any show of concession, the French Government will probably be willing to avoid a rupture. The recent manifestations in Germany have shown the improbability that a war could result in any annexation of territory. A great nation which is struggling in vain for some unity of government and legislation may at least take care that no portion of its soil is alienated to gratify foreign cupidity. The left bank of the Rhine, with its purely German population, is believed by ordinary Frenchmen to be naturally a part of France, and any expenditure of blood and treasure which might purchase the frontier of the first Empire would be willingly incurred. But an expedition to Poland would receive less enthusiastic support if Germany were determined to resist any attempt at dismemberment; and, although the King of Prussia has thought fit to separate himself from his Confederates, he might rely on their support against foreign invasion. The official pamphleteer who lately affected to disclose a portion of the Imperial policy fell into an anachronism when he recalled the overthrow of the Prussian monarchy at Jena. The Prussian army would perhaps be unable to resist a French invasion, but the collective force of Germany is more than a match, on its own soil, for all the Powers of Europe. If France desires to serve Poland, it will be necessary to act in concert with Austria, and the liberators must be content with the glory of their achievement, with the gratitude of their clients, and with the possible disposal of the vacant Crown. If rumours may be trusted, a sense of common interest is tending to allay the hostile feeling between France on one side, and Prussia and Russia on the other. The visit of the Prussian ex-Minister, the Prince of Hohen-Zollern, to the camp at Chalons is believed to have been connected with diplomatic objects, and the Emperor of the French may perhaps be inclined to foment the ill will between Prussia and Austria which has arisen from the Frankfurt Congress.

While well-wishers and possible allies are hesitating, the Poles appear to persevere with extraordinary firmness in their heroic resistance. The petty victories which are claimed on their account may be insignificant or doubtful, but they show that the Russians are unable to suppress the insurrection. The reported execution of peasants by the Russian authorities may perhaps indicate a formidable change of feeling on the part of the bulk of the population. The gentry and the townsmen have hitherto sustained the unequal contest; and if they could induce the peasantry to follow their fortunes, they might soon outnumber the Russian army of occupation. The rumours are, however, too indefinite to justify the conclusion that the national rising

is becoming popular with the multitude. It would be difficult to find a precedent in history for the central organization which regulates the progress of the insurrection, and, to a certain extent, provides it with supplies. The Secret Committee levies taxes, it issues orders to the leaders of the troops, and it keeps the rival Government of Warsaw in a state of incessant alarm. The modes by which it enforces its orders are irregular and objectionable; but apparently the owners of property, and the classes which might be expected to abhor all secret societies, voluntarily support the mysterious Government which dates its misdeeds from Warsaw, while its enemies assert that it resides in Paris.

The announcement of a Russian Constitution, even if its extension to Poland should prove illusory, is favourable to the prospects of peace. Any change of circumstances would give the Western Powers a fresh control over their decision; and although the internal organization of the Russian Empire is a purely domestic matter, the offer of free institutions to the Kingdom of Poland, while it would afford little satisfaction to the insurgents, might silence or blunt the remonstrances of their foreign supporters. The semi-official French newspapers treat the impending Russian Charter as a partial satisfaction to the exigencies of Poland and of France. If the Emperor ALEXANDER really intends to give political liberty to his subjects, he will remove much of the jealousy with which Russia has for some generations been regarded in England; but, to prove his sincerity or his consistency, he will do well to restrain his agents in their systematic extermination, not only of Polish rights, but, as far as their power can reach, of the Poles themselves. The Constitutional project is strongly recommended by the proposed establishment of several representative bodies. When Finland has a separate Assembly, Poland will naturally enjoy a distinct organization, which may partially satisfy the national wants, while the concession will not be inconsistent with the Imperial dignity. If it is true that the acceptance of the Constitution is to be voluntary, it would almost seem that the conditions of a compromise have been unexpectedly discovered. England, France, and Austria would, in that case, have so much reason to be satisfied with the result of their interference, that they might willingly attribute the whole credit of the measure to the free will of the Emperor ALEXANDER.

THE VALUE OF GOLD.

THE gold discoveries of California and Australia have been bearing abundant fruits for the last twelve or fifteen years, and it might be thought that an experience so considerable should enable us to measure with an approach to certainty the influence which they must exercise on the relations of commerce and social life. In fact, however, we seem to know almost as little as when the first tidings arrived that gold was to be picked up gratis on the shores of the Pacific. The first impression of almost all who thought upon the subject was that a very sensible and even rapid diminution in the purchasing power of gold would be felt at no long interval. Experience has not confirmed this apprehension, and though a steady supply of gold to the amount of 20,000,000*l.* a year has reached us from California and Australia, there has prevailed a very general conviction that the political economists were all wrong, and that the anticipated increase of prices would at any rate be deferred until this generation had passed away. This belief was rather rudely shaken by M. CHEVALIER and Mr. CORDEN; but, like the prophets who had gone before them, they, too, overrated the effects to be produced, and the world has gone on investing in stocks and other money securities without showing much alarm as to the possible consequences of future depreciation. And yet, except in the one important element of time, M. CHEVALIER and Mr. CORDEN were unquestionably right; and it is well that public attention should be once more directed to the subject, as it has been by Mr. FAWCETT's able paper read at the meeting of the British Association. Unless the science of political economy is a delusion from beginning to end, it is impossible that the yield of gold should be multiplied twenty-fold without raising the prices of all other commodities, not necessarily beyond what they were before, but certainly beyond what they would have been but for this large accession to the world's stock of the precious metal. Even the so-called practical men who profess to despise the theories of political economy know that a market cannot be glutted without causing a decrease of price.

In 1848, the world was supplied with a metallic currency adequate for its wants, as, indeed, almost any currency would

be when prices had once accommodated themselves to its amount. The then known mines were furnishing, at a tolerably uniform rate, fully enough gold to supply the annual waste, which could not exceed 1,000,000*l.* Suddenly a new influx of 20,000,000*l.* a year occurred, and the entire stock of gold has already been increased by perhaps 50 per cent. Notwithstanding this enormous derangement of the conditions of the market, no marked fall in the value of gold has yet been detected, and many people are tempted to think that a catastrophe which has been so long delayed will be postponed *sine die*, and to reconcile themselves to the predicted decline of all money incomes much as they do to Dr. CUMMING's announcements of the end of the world.

Until the change in prices becomes very large, it is not at all easy to ascertain its existence. No one commodity is sufficiently stable in price to be employed as a standard. Silver, which it was thought would serve this purpose, has been affected by various circumstances—such as the alteration of the French coinage, and the Indian demand—which destroy its use as a measure of the depreciation of gold. The nearest approach to an exact estimate seems to have been made by Mr. JEVONS, of the Sydney Mint, who, from a careful comparison of the prices of a vast number of commodities, infers that gold has actually been depreciated about 10 per cent. by the modern discoveries. This, however, is so much less than might have been expected, or than was expected, that the task of Mr. FAWCETT in reopening the subject was little more than to explain away by counter-influences the failure of the previous predictions of economists. To a certain extent, he is successful in accounting for the resistance which gold has met with in its tendency to decline. The two main causes of retardation have been the enormous absorption of silver by India and China, and the steady increase in trade, and consequently in the amount of currency required merely to keep prices at their old level. Behind these special facts there lies a larger truth which political economists have seldom sufficiently appreciated. Economical science will explain with certainty the tendency of any occurrence such as the discovery of gold, and will predict with tolerable accuracy its ultimate results. But science is almost always at fault when it attempts to fix the time within which the consequences of any commercial disturbance will be felt. The markets, like water, will assuredly regain their level when disturbed, but no one can do more than guess at the time which will be spent before equilibrium is attained; and, as a rule, scientific speculation generally errs in allowing too short an interval for the law of demand and supply to make itself felt, and in overlooking the minor causes which counteract the prevailing tendency. Examples of this error might be cited without number. When cotton manufacturers were reproached with their exclusive reliance on a single market, they always used to say that, as long as their demand existed, the world would find means to supply them. And they were right, as experience is beginning to show; for, under the influence of famine prices, the yield of cotton in India, Egypt, Brazil, and some other countries is gradually filling up the void left by the interruption of the American supply. But no one sufficiently considered how slow an operation of this kind must be; and it is only after two years of suffering that it is beginning to be understood that the laws of political economy require more time for their operation than we have been in the habit of allowing them. Another familiar example of the same kind is afforded by the comparatively small depreciation of the United States currency. It is not to be supposed that any additional demand for money of a permanent kind has been created at all in proportion to the increase of the Federal circulation. Yet the present premium on gold is only 25 per cent.; and though we may be quite sure that the price of Mr. CHASE's paper will ultimately conform itself to the supply, it is plain that those who predicted an early crisis made far too little allowance for the retarding influences which were certain to postpone the inevitable day. Without, therefore, following Mr. FAWCETT into all the details of his explanation, it is easy to comprehend that the apparent failure of former predictions is no reason for doubting the general teaching of science as to the necessary effect of the increase in the supply of gold.

There is only one hypothesis on which it is possible that we can entirely escape the consequences which have been foreseen; and that is, that the countervailing influences which have delayed the depreciation of gold may be as powerful and as permanent as the supply itself. Mr. FAWCETT may, perhaps, have overstated the case when he represented these influences as nearly exhausted; but, so far as can be ascertained, there is nothing of a permanent character about them. The drain of gold to India is due partly to a taste for hoarding,

which is likely to decline, but much more, perhaps, to the general progress of the country in wealth and commerce. This last is, it may be hoped, permanent; but then its effects are likely to be largely counteracted by the more general use of paper currency, and by the increase of banking facilities which must accompany an expansion of commerce. As a rule, an increase of trading activity does not add so much to the metallic currency of a country as to the various substitutes which are employed in its place; and it is a fact that, notwithstanding the rapid progress of English population and commerce, the quantity of sovereigns required to carry on our whole traffic is scarcely larger than it was twenty or thirty years ago. The Indian demand cannot therefore be looked upon as a cause of a permanent nature, and indeed it appears already to have passed its maximum. Every other influence which Mr. FAWCETT examines seems to have the same temporary quality, and it is impossible to resist his conclusion that, sooner or later, the rapid increase in the world's store of gold will tell upon the prices of all other commodities, and seriously encroach upon the real value of fixed money-incomes.

Warned by the experience of earlier prophets, Mr. FAWCETT carefully avoids fixing the time within which the long-looked-for effect is to be felt; but, in estimating the amount which can be annually absorbed at about 6,000,000*l.*, he leaves as much as 140,000,000*l.* to press with its full weight upon the market in the course of the next ten years, assuming the present rate of production to be maintained. If this is an exact estimate, the value of outstanding debts and all money investments threatens to decline somewhat more rapidly than at the rate of a doubtful 10 per cent. in fifteen years, which is the utmost fall that has yet been experienced. But, in truth, all conjectures as to the rapidity of the movement are so uncertain, and so liable to disturbance from causes which are only appreciated after they have been in operation, that it is impossible to go beyond the general statement that, at some future time, the value of gold will in all likelihood be seriously reduced. There is every reason to believe that the operation will be sufficiently gradual to prevent the loss which many must suffer from assuming the form of a sudden catastrophe. When the American mines were discovered, they added so largely to the then scanty stock of gold held by European nations as to increase prices on an average by about 400 per cent.; but the change, large as it was, was scarcely perceptible at the time, not less than a century having elapsed before prices settled down on their new basis. It may be assumed that the consequences of the new discoveries will repeat, in this respect, the experience of the sixteenth century; but it would be idle to hug the belief that the impending revolution is at all less certain because it promises to be gradual and slow. It will come, if not in our time, in the time of our sons; and prudent men, in making their provision for the future, will take into account the fact that 1,000*l.* in the next generation will probably be very much less valuable than 1,000*l.* now. The prospect may, however, be regarded without much alarm. A sudden reduction of the purchasing power of a given money-income would bring trouble upon multitudes and ruin to not a few; but society has a wonderful power of adapting itself to new circumstances, if their development is sufficiently gradual. Almost all the black tints which have coloured the pictures of the expected golden age would be toned down by a respite for a moderate time. No gradual evil produces serious social inconvenience; and as the nation is the largest creditor among us, some set-off will be gained by the consequent lightening of the burden of taxation.

AMERICA.

WHATEVER may be the legal merits of the controversy between Mr. LINCOLN and Governor SEYMOUR, the Federal Government deserves credit for its refusal to yield to the dictation of a mob. The New York riots have conferred a great and legitimate benefit on the Republican party against which they were directed, and respectable Democrats share for the moment in the just unpopularity of political allies who made use of their momentary preponderance to burn, to plunder, and to murder unoffending negroes. Except during the worst part of the French Revolution, the lowest class of the community has never, in modern times, controlled any civilized State. The Irish rabble of the city of New York are courted by politicians because their votes are as valuable as if they were all statesmen, philosophers, or capitalists; but the sentences passed on their ringleaders will perhaps convince the vivacious immigrants that their new

compatriots are not disposed to let them set up for themselves. The Federal troops in the neighbourhood are strong enough to suppress resistance, and the respectable part of the community dislikes the draft less than the recommencement of the riots. The PRESIDENT rightly argues that an Act of Congress must be presumed to be constitutional until it has been declared invalid by the Supreme Court. The power of exacting military service must, in the last resort, belong to every sovereign Government, and the only question is whether the prerogative is vested in the State or in the Federation. The words of the Constitution are ambiguous, as the contingency was perhaps never contemplated by its framers; but it is obviously reasonable that, if the law permits it, the authority which conducts the war should also provide the armies. The Federal Government requires, not a reinforcement of additional militia regiments, but a sufficient number of recruits to fill up the gaps which have been caused by casualties and disease. Even volunteers are less serviceable than conscripts, if they are allowed to choose the regiments in which they are to enlist. The poorer inhabitants of New York have at least no reason to complain, for an accommodating Corporation has made a grant for the purpose of providing substitutes for all indigent citizens who may be unwilling to serve; and the regulated amount of three hundred dollars will be paid either to the Government or to the drafted recruit, if he prefers to perform his duty in person. In other parts of the country, the price is said to have been found sufficient to procure substitutes; and unless the market rises, the pecuniary contribution of New York may be employed in purchasing recruits wherever they are found to be cheapest. Should the process prove effective, the draft will have operated as a roundabout machinery for enlisting volunteers, but probably the singular proceedings of the New York municipalities will disturb the relation of the supply to the demand. As high bounties have ceased to attract volunteers in sufficient numbers, it is difficult to understand why it should be easier to purchase substitutes. The State of New York, with a fourth of the Federal population, including nearly the whole of the recent immigrants, has sent, since the beginning of the present year, twelve thousand volunteers to the army. Even if the same proportion were contributed by the other States, the number would be totally insufficient to balance the losses of the war.

The leading Democrats still assure their European friends that the Western States are becoming weary of the contest. The statement may possibly be correct, but credulity itself has been exhausted by the successive rumours which have expressed the hopes and calculations of different parties since the commencement of the war. It is not easy to ascertain what a million of men really think; and if their judgment of to-day were ascertained, it might be reversed to-morrow. The only clue to the opinion of Americans is to be found in the speeches and political writings which are intended to echo their prepossessions; and since the capture of Vicksburg and the battle of Gettysburg, protests in favour of the old Constitution and of peace have become perceptibly fainter. The great successes which have been attained are wildly exaggerated in popular belief, and the hope of absolute conquest has superseded the inquiry into the conditions of peaceful reconstruction. After repeated failures, the Northern mind acquiesces in the temporary immunity of Richmond, and even in the numerical superiority of General LEE over his adversaries in Virginia. Their expectation of the fall of Charleston reconciles the Federal population to the suspension of active warfare in other quarters; and if the city, or even Fort Sumter, is taken, the termination of the war will be regarded by the Northerners as imminent. The friends of peace may again find themselves in the ascendant if the draft fails to replenish the ranks of the army; but at present, they are probably only attributing their own opinions to the multitude which formerly followed their guidance, and to imaginary converts who are supposed to have embraced the Democratic faith. The North-Western States returned Mr. LINCOLN as President, and they have furnished the only armies which have achieved any decisive successes. It is rather possible than probable that they should change their political creed at a time when the Republicans have an exclusive enjoyment of power.

If it is true that the North is indulging in unprecedented prosperity, it is idle to suppose that constitutional scruples or political anxieties will render the war unpopular. Money is plentiful, labour is highly paid, speculation is extraordinarily active, and although commodities are dear, all classes are in the highest good humour. A combination of circumstances which is as yet but imperfectly explained has rendered it possible to attain glory or victory without consciously paying its cost; and no American concerns himself with the accumula-

tion of a national debt, of which the greater part consists in an inflated currency. The collapse which economists have long foretold is still delayed, and the national complacency is encouraged by the disappointment of friendly or hostile counsellors. By an excusable illusion, the Northern Americans dwell rather on their vast exertions than on the comparatively trivial results of an unparalleled outlay. They have raised more men than the French in the revolutionary war, and almost as much money as England in the great struggle with NAPOLEON. They have consequently convinced themselves that they have become the greatest of military Powers, and they forget that their adversaries have done nearly as much with a scanty population, with comparatively insignificant means, and with the enormous disadvantage of exclusion from the sea. The French armies between 1792 and the Peace of Amiens had defeated all the European Powers, representing a population of nearly a hundred millions. At a later period, England stood almost alone against NAPOLEON when he commanded the resources of France and of the Continent. The Federal Americans, in two years and a half of war, have, after frequent defeats, obtained some advantages over an enemy whose numbers have never amounted to four millions. If Prussia had, with equal efforts, succeeded, after two or three years of war, in occupying a portion of Belgian territory, the triumph would have been equally deserving of patriotic celebration. If the Federal achievements form a new era in military history, the Confederate resistance must amount almost to a miracle.

Mr. SEWARD's long and tedious narrative of the exploits, reverses, and successes of the Federal arms adds nothing to the public information, and cannot possibly affect the judgment of impartial observers. Englishmen were already aware that the Southern strongholds on the Mississippi had been taken, and that a portion of the North-Western territory of the Southern Confederation had been partially occupied. But they also knew that the North has been defeated in every attempt to approach Richmond, that General LEE even now threatens Washington, that the Mississippi has not been opened to trade, and that the South, however hardly pressed, still finds men, provisions, and arms. It would, however, be useless to reduce the Northern exploits to their true proportions in the hope of correcting national vanity by dispassionate foreign criticism. The Federal Americans are brave, and patriotically profuse, and at last they are learning the art of war; but it is not unseasonable to remind them that equal Powers are not to be terrified by their boasts or their menaces. The United Kingdom is one-third more populous than the Free States, and it is at least equally rich. Those who influence its policy and public opinion are systematically and conscientiously opposed to war; but in self-defence, England, notwithstanding her love of peace, would be fully a match for America, even if the Union were restored to-morrow without leaving a trace of the recent disasters. When the Republican journals, which professedly represent the respectability of the Northern States, affect to stand aghast at English treachery, it is time to reply, not that England has given no cause of offence, but that it will not be safe or profitable for the Government of Washington to originate an unprovoked quarrel. There is absolutely no pretext for offence, except the armament of two or three Confederate steamers in English ports. It has been admitted by some of those whom the Federal Americans regard as their bitterest enemies, that the terms of the Foreign Enlistment Act ought to have covered the case of warlike cruisers all but completely equipped in a neutral port. The Government, on the advice of the law officers, proceeded against the *Alexandra*, in the belief that a condemnation must ensue on the production of sufficient evidence; but a competent tribunal decided that the words of the Act were insufficient, and the case stands over for the decision of the proper Court of Appeal. If the Exchequer Chamber confirms the ruling of the CHIEF BARON, Parliament will probably be invited to extend the provisions of the Act. Americans ought to know England better than to suppose that the regular course of proceeding will be accelerated in deference to discourteous threats. The conceit of superior and irresistible strength will be dissipated by the simplest calculations, if American politicians are capable of applying statistical returns to the estimate of national forces.

THE HATRED OF PRIESTS.

WE are indebted to the *Spectator* for a very curious story of French crime. Some years ago, two men, Antoine Fillion and Claude Maucuer, were working together in a silk manufactory

at Lyons, and Fillion conceived an intense hatred of Maucuer. Fillion left the manufactory, rejoined it, and was one of the hands turned off during a recent slackness of work. On the 30th of last June, he came behind Maucuer and stabbed him in the back with a dinner-knife. The blow was instantly fatal, and Fillion, after having vainly requested the bystanders to arrest him, sat calmly down to wait till the police came. In his pocket was found a written statement of the motive which had prompted the crime, and he stuck to his account of the matter at his trial. The motive was simple, but strange. He had committed the murder because Maucuer was a religious man. They had often had fierce arguments in the working-room, in which Fillion reasoned as a general disbeliever in all religion, and Maucuer as an ardent Catholic. Fillion, in his statement, drew a picture of the enormities he had to endure in his opponent. All the ideas of Maucuer, he said, were opposed to him. He believed the most absurd miracles; he never lost an opportunity of talking religion; "one would have said he wanted to proselytize"—an offence which Fillion regarded as other men would regard the wish to commit murder or rape. At last, a private wrong determined him to avenge himself and the world on this odious monster. His father stopped an allowance he made him, on the ground that he had been discovered to be illegitimate; and this discovery was supposed to have been made by the confession of his mother, to which a priest had urged her. The confessor was, as Fillion termed it, "inaccessible," because Fillion could not find out who he was. But Maucuer was at hand, and Maucuer was the friend and supporter of priests. He "cherished that kind of canaille." So Fillion stabbed him in the back, and set the world free from at least one religious man, which was some little contribution to the establishment of the pure doctrine which Fillion was anxious to propagate, and which he summed up by saying:—"I see nothing in nature, on the earth or out of the earth, save one grand Whole, infinitely varied, which aggregates itself into one." This was the view of things which satisfied Fillion, and for rejecting which Maucuer was killed. The strangest part of the business is that the jury thought there were extenuating circumstances in the murder, and so this hater of priests escaped the guillotine.

This is obviously a crime which could have been committed nowhere but in France. We can think of no other Christian country where priests are hated simply because they are priests, and where it would be possible to find a fanatic who thought he was doing the world and man good service if he rid the earth of one priest or priest's friend. In Protestant countries the thing is ludicrously impossible. We do not suppose the fiercest disciple of the *Reasoner* would voluntarily even tread on the Archbishop of Canterbury's corns. Even in other Catholic countries, where there is a dislike of priests, this comes from political causes; and priests are hated, as in Italy, because they are the servants of tyranny, and not because they believe miracles, and wish to proselytize. But in France there is a deep feeling against priests quite independent of the wrongs that priests have done or are likely to do, just as there is a fierce hatred of kings and nobles. How this arose history cannot tell us. It is true that France was badly governed, and that the old French aristocracy was insolent, and pressed hardly on the country, and that the priests were the friends of the upper classes. But although this might account for the rising of the nation against its rulers, it does not account for the wonderful feeling of hatred which burns in French breasts against the representatives of the old upper classes. The French priests were not worse than other priests. They were not opposed to such liberties as France possessed under the old régime. On the contrary, De Tocqueville has shown that the clergy were often the only supporters of local independence. Nor had the French the misery of being overrun by a foreign priesthood, and it is only since the Revolution that an Ultramontane clergy has begun to look to Rome more than to Paris as its capital. Nor, again, was there anything in the French character, as it appeared under the old Bourbons, to explain this violence of feeling. De Tocqueville has devoted great pains to showing how the way was paved for the Revolution, many years before it broke out, by the gradual introduction of a bureaucratic system. But this only touches the outside of things. No one has yet attempted to show that there was any preparation for the Revolution in the French character. It is idle to try to account for the modern phase of French feeling by speaking of the influence of Voltaire and Rousseau. Germany and Italy were equally pervaded by a spirit of irreligious contempt for things traditional, and by a dreamy wish for change; but there was never, in Germany or Italy, that frenzied persuasion of the horrible badness of old things which possessed the minds of the French at the time of the Revolution, and has coloured their history ever since. Marat, and Robespierre, and their fellows come upon us by a sort of surprise in history, and we only lose the sense of this surprise because we find them substantially repeated in the more recent history of France.

The only historical phenomenon to which this transformation of France can be compared is that of the rise of such a religion as Mahomedanism. We cannot account for the appearance of Mahomedanism. There is nothing, so far as we can pretend to say, in the old history of the Arabs, which can be regarded as fitting in with the rise of such a religion. But directly it appeared it carried the Arabs with it. It gave them a character; it created in them, by the very process of working it out, a power and a spirit they had not before. It filled them with a longing to beat down the new enemies which their new faith discovered for them. Outsiders may regard their faith as a grand mistake. They

may easily show that Mahomedanism is a hard, sterile, deadening belief. It has swept over the East only to crush and destroy it. Wherever it has gone, it has carried with it the havoc of a protracted ruin. But its propagators were filled with its influence. They did not reason; they leaped forth to smite and to get rid of the vile despisers of their prophet. And this is very much what has happened in France. The fanatical Frenchman believes in the ideas of '89 very much as the Mahomedan believes in the Koran. He hates a noble or a priest as a Mahomedan hates a Giaour. A friend of the priests, who wounds his dearest feelings by believing in miracles, is to him what an unbeliever who defiles a mosque is to a Mahomedan. Any invasion of his beloved equality, any sign that there are men whom the law regards as higher and better than he is, any of the hated claims of nobility to especial reverence, is like the raising of the Cross above the Crescent. And neither the Mahomedan nor the Frenchman feels or cares about the slight justification which history can offer him. Mahomedanism is often represented as a deserved punishment for the frivolities and degradation of the Christians of the Eastern Empire. It seems a severe retribution for weak metaphysics that large tracts of the richest parts of Europe, Africa, and Asia should have been laid waste for a thousand years; but there can be no doubt that Christianity had become a very poor thing in most of the countries condemned to the desolation of Mahomedanism. In the same way, there was much justification for a revolution in France. Feudalism was dying out in Europe, but it died hard, and it was perhaps beneficial that it should get a blow that despatched it. The old type of kingscraft and priests'craft was a nuisance that could well be spared. But fanatics do not trouble themselves to trace the slight grounds on which they may be shown to be partially right. The Mahomedan has no idea but to dash upon the world, shouting his formula, and hoping to make all men shout it too. The Frenchman feels no want or shortcoming in his religion of hatred, and he no more vexes himself with the thought that he has nothing more substantial than the great Whole to put in place of what he destroys, than the Mahomedan concerns himself about the ruins he has made, or mourns the decay of the famous cities he has reduced to squalor and beggary.

In modern society, no feelings, however strong, have uninterrupted play; no form of belief stands by itself; no interests exist without counter-interests to oppose them. The French hater of priests works in a shop with the friend of priests, and the philosophy of despair is met by the zeal of Catholicism. Order, too, must prevail in daily life, unless a nation is to be immersed in endless misery. There must be a government, and in France it has been decided that there must be an official religion. Such men as Fillon, therefore, and the thousands who think as he did, only in a less strong and positive form, do not come to the surface in French life. But no one can understand France, or its position in Europe, who does not take into account the spirit of fanatical hatred to the representatives of the old order of things which prevails through a large portion of the French population. It is very much like the Mahomedan fanaticism which lies smouldering in the Ottoman Empire. The pressure of Christian Europe, the necessities of the Sultan, and the strong arm of military force, keep this fanaticism in obscurity; but it is there, and, if the slightest breath of favour breathed on it from the Porte, it would burst into flames at once. Even in quiet times, the Sultan cannot afford to ignore its existence, and is anxious to have it known and believed that he is the most faithful of the faithful. In the same way, the French Empire is always careful to proclaim that it, and it alone, represents the instincts and acknowledges the claims and the power of the revolutionary fanaticism of France. Louis Napoleon not only holds himself out as the Eldest Son of the Church, but also as the chief Apostle of the Revolution. Count Persigny, who has at least the merit of heartily believing in the Empire he has helped to set up, bases its great claim to the adherence of Frenchmen on the fact that the Empire alone recognises France as it really is. Others dream of a dominant Church, or of a balanced Constitution; but all this, as Count Persigny has recently taken occasion to observe, is impossible in France. The elements of cohesion which may be observed to bind together other countries have been finally destroyed by the Mahomedans of the Revolution, and the faithful will never permit them to be restored. French society is, to use his metaphor, a heap of grains of sand, and priests and nobles will never bind it together again. That alone which can bind together is supplied by the Empire. Democracy, that it may enjoy its proper power, requires two things—an all-pervading machinery of Government, and a leader that can speak in its name. France has these two things; it has its préfets and their subordinates, and it has Louis Napoleon. We in England do not admire either the Empire or that on which it rests, any more than we admire Mahomedanism. But when we are speculating on France or Turkey, it is foolish to shut our eyes to what men really feel there, or to the consequences to which their feelings lead.

GENIUS.

THOUGH the word "Genius" is so commonly employed by us, it is very hard to give a definition, or even to form a clear conception, of its meaning. That it is something special, peculiar, and erratic is the common opinion. We contrast it with talent, as

with a mental quality capable of development; whereas genius is considered a gift of heaven, spontaneous and perfect in itself. Again, we regard it as essentially original—as a power that creates, or at any rate throws new light on everything it touches; while talent is simply vigour of the intellect, intelligence, strong sense, receptive and practical ability. From this it follows that we concede the title of genius to men of inferior capacity for the ordinary purposes of life, if we find that they have a special faculty for some particular subject; though we deny it to the iron wills and indefatigable brains that rule, compile, collect, and set in order the materials that they find around them. Taking this view of genius, it is not strange that men should have regarded it as something supernatural and divine, just as among the Eastern nations madness is reckoned mystically sacred, or as the more rare and rapid processes of nature have been from time immemorial referred to occult and miraculous agency. Thus, too, we can understand why genius should have been viewed with suspicion, as what the Scotch would call "uncanny", as something alien from the strong good common sense of ordinary men, and nearly allied to the vapourings of madness. Indeed, there has been no lack of theorists who call genius a form of madness, a morbid condition of the blood or nerves, thus reducing what all men reverence as the highest intellectual gift to a disease in our poor material organs. Others, without asserting so monstrous a paradox, would have genius to be a mystical power of the soul, carrying it beyond the realm of common understanding, and gifting it with insight into things unseen or prophecy of things to come. We have cited these opinions simply to show that the earliest indistinct idea of genius represents it as something unusual, erratic, and beyond the common laws of human intellect. In order to arrive at its more hidden meaning, various theories and definitions must be quoted, and first of all the word must be explained.

The word "genius" represents the Latin form of the theory common to so many nations, that every man, or indeed every real existence, has an attendant and regulative spirit. This spirit is looked upon as partly inherent in the being, partly separate from and external to it. It is what the Germans would call the idea of the thing, objectified and regarded as a distinct spiritual existence. When this theory is applied specially to men, the genius, or Greek *daimon*, or Jewish and Christian angel, becomes an intermediate agent between God and man, an executive of fate, a protector and overseer. This aspect of the notion is strong in the Platonic and early Christian schemes of life. But in the Roman genius more attention is paid to its subjective side. The genius is not so much an attendant spirit as the essence of each man's individual nature. It represents his abstract idiosyncrasy. Thus, the Horatian exhortation, *Indulge Genio*, means "follow your own bent"; and the use of the word corresponded to a somewhat antiquated use of our word "humour." *Every Man in his Humour* is the title of a well-known play of Ben Jonson, where individual peculiarities find their proper sphere. Moreover, the Roman genius was always reckoned a kindly and familiar being. He was that which all men cherish as dearest and most homely—their own self. Hence come the meanings of "genial" and "congenial." The genial person is the social, kindly, undisturbed being, at ease with his own self and with the world. Congenial subjects are those which we find suitable to our peculiar temper. Congenial minds are those which run in the same groove as ours. We see, then, that the first meaning of the word genius is that which lies at the root of the man, which is his essence, which distinguishes him from all the world. And in many uses of the word this meaning never leaves it. When we speak of the genius of a country, or of a language, we mean that which constitutes it what it is—its rational idea, the law of its development and being. So, too, we say the genius of a man determines his choice and action; not meaning to attribute to him special and brilliant gifts, but only wishing to indicate that in each man there is a *self*—a something distinctive and his own.

So far the explanation of the word genius is easy. But in the complex state of language which the world has reached, few words abide by so concrete a meaning. And the real difficulties of the word genius lie about its abstract use. Genius is recognised as a special quality. It is no longer the individual nature of men or things alone, but a phase of intellectual excellence different from all others, and recognisable only as such wherever it occurs. Though the difference between the concrete and abstract uses of the term is so wide, it may not be impossible to trace their connexion. The humour of a man, if marked and powerful, soon makes itself perceived. And as the greater always absorbs or outshines the less, so, though every Caius and Balbus in Rome had theoretically each his genius, yet it was the genius of Cæsar that stood out pre-eminent. The geni of common men were too matter of fact and trivial to be talked about. And so, in time, the genius of remarkable natures drew to itself all interest and attention, and the abstract use of the word was confined to pre-eminent exhibitions of extraordinary power.

Having attempted to trace the history of the word, and to mark its two distinct shades of meaning, we may now notice some of the theories which have been formed respecting the nature of genius in the abstract sense, considered as a peculiar and rare phase of human intellect. The first and most popular definition of genius describes it as a special power for some special subject. This is clearly connected with the etymology of the word, but it is too vague to be of any use. Yet the germ of deeper theories lies within it; for it recognises in genius a power, not acquired, nor

capable of indifferent direction towards various subjects, but one which grows up spontaneously within a man, and from the beginning indicates its definite and inalienable nature. Thus a genius for painting, music, or mathematics, irresistibly drives its possessor to the study of the arts or sciences. On this point it may be remarked that one of the peculiar difficulties attending the treatment of genius exhibits itself. All men recognise the difference between true heaven-born power and what is called a "touch of genius," or cleverness, that never passes beyond facility into creative power. Patience and repression are the common touchstones in such cases, for it is believed that genius, no less than virtue, *sub pondere crescit*. If the natural propensity conquer all obstacles and shoot up beneath the pressure of antagonistic forces, then it has a right to be considered genius—instinct, inexplicable, and irresistible. Another common definition of genius makes it synonymous with creation. Hazlitt says, "it is the first impulse of genius to create what never existed before." Thus the man of true genius is ever before his age, frequently unrecognised by his contemporaries, but often leading them and adding to their power or knowledge. In this sense, great inventions and discoveries, the explanation of the motions of the planets, the application of steam to locomotion, the recognition of new laws of growth in the world about us, are all proper spheres of genius. For nothing can be actually made afresh by man. All he can do in the province of science is to see more than had been seen before, in the realm of art to recompose and illuminate with new light. The subject of æsthetic creation involves great difficulty. Yet even here we recognise two kinds of imagination. The inferior is content with recombining and arranging, without producing a new world of thought or feeling. The higher imagination which we call genius uses, indeed, the materials of nature, but it does not merely recombine them—it gives to them a fresh and peculiar splendour reflected from the mind within. Thus, in one sense, it is creative; and its action is dynamical, whereas that of the lower imagination is simply mechanical. The inferior imagination is often mistaken for the higher kind. Thus a painter creates hideous monsters, and poetasters are familiar with spectres which they weave together out of the repertory of their sick dreams. But the true power draws life and interest from common things, makes men that move and speak like real mortals, and understands the springs of ordinary character. Among many interesting definitions of the artistic genius, none perhaps is more philosophical than that contained in the following line of Milton:—

Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce.

Even words are dead things until the reason comes, and by arranging them in order breathes into them the breath of life. Much more are the forms, and colours, and materials of the outer world inanimate and soulless atoms, before they have been subject to the plastic hand of genius. The faculty of recognising, drawing forth, and refining the intentions contained implicitly in Nature belongs to the true artist. And in this sense he stands as an interpreter between that reason which informs the universe and renders it intelligible, and the lower race of men who see with purblind eyes. Connected with this power is that by which men are able to express in living words the feelings or thoughts that remain crude and undigested to the majority of minds. Thus genius becomes the interpreter of God and of the world to man, and of man unto himself. It is a priesthood and a prophecy, and we wonder not that in old days the man of genius was called the seer, the priest, the vates, the hero. Hegel's theory of the embodiment of a nation's spirit in its great men is here attached to this definition of genius. For the creative penetration of the one formula becomes, in the other, the full development of reason in particular and rare instances. How far these thoughts extend we shall have to show hereafter. But now we must return to one more point involved in the definition of artistic power, which throws much light upon the nature of genius in general. There is a line in one of Michel Angelo's sonnets which contains an excellent description of genius for the plastic arts:—

La man che ubbedisce all' intelletto.

This corresponds with Sir Joshua Reynolds' definition, who made artistic power to be the faculty of conceiving a great whole and of executing it. The two terms are equally essential. Splendid visions may exist in the brain, deep feelings may shake the central heart; but genius, as we understand it, must not only see and feel, it must be able to interpret and express, to carry thought and feeling into the realm of concrete being, and make them living, real existences for other eyes and minds to contemplate and learn from. This is the meaning of its creative power.

In this analysis of genius we have somewhat run beyond three other definitions, which in their several degrees throw light upon its nature. Ruskin calls it the power of penetration into "the root and deep places of the subject." Mill defines it the "gift of seeing truths at a greater depth than the world can penetrate, or of feeling deeply and justly things which the world has not yet learned to feel." Both of these we consider inadequate, because they do not dwell upon power of expression as an essential part of genius. For genius is an energy, to use the language of the schools, and not a simple latent faculty. Yet both are just in so far as they recognise the clear faculty of insight as indispensable to genius. The third definition worthy of quotation is that of Flourens, the French physician. Contending against the common paradox that genius is madness, he describes it as the highest development of reason in a man, the fullest power of comprehension,

and the most keen and healthy working of his faculties. Thus the man of genius need not be possessed of sickly nerves and diseased blood, though these often impede his clearer vision. On the contrary, he must, *quæ* man of genius, be in healthy correspondence with the world around him, feel its workings, see into its secrets, understand its laws.

We have now some data whereon to build a comprehensive theory of the nature of genius. It is no longer, as we have seen, a wandering Will-o'-the-wisp, coming no whence and aiming no whither; but it is in its essence the strongest and highest gift of reason. And it shows itself, not in eccentric impulses toward the unknown, nor in mystical illuminations from above, but in a clearer and more steady comprehension of things as they are. This comprehension, however, it must always be remembered, is immediate and automatic in the case of true genius. This reservation is necessary, for if we include in the term all patient and conscious efforts after truth, we lose at once its special meaning. Everything in nature is miracle, and the works of genius, though they appear miracles, are no more than profound intuitions into nature. We call them supernatural and inexplicable, because we do not understand the process by which they have been arrived at. Nor, in fact, does the man of genius himself always understand it. He sees and feels, and speaks out what he feels. And when in ruder ages men around him called him God-inspired and Prophet, he did not deny the title, but believed in spiritual revelations, putting the faculty of clear insight which he had within his soul outside himself, and transferring his reverence for self into a veneration for a higher power. Thus the most general definition of genius will describe it as the power of a highly developed reason to see into things, a faculty of intuition beyond the ordinary range of human sight; or, to use a converse image, the power of reflecting the truth and real idea of things upon a less distorted surface than the mind of common men presents.

But since the functions of our reason are very various, and the whole of it is seldom equally developed in one individual, we find that genius assumes many different forms. That power of intuition which we have generally described is specially confined, in certain instances, to some particular branch of intellectual activity. The mathematical genius sees deeper than most men into the relations of things when viewed under the abstraction of numbers or of lines. The metaphysical genius has full power over ideas, and views the world from this one aspect. The analogical genius, which plays so high a part in poetry, has the faculty of comparison developed to an extraordinary degree, so that it perceives the deep-seated points of resemblance which unite ideas and things. The synthetical genius detects hidden bonds of union; the analytical observes the joints at which division may be safely made. The genius for religion penetrates at once into the wants of man, and understands his relation to God; but its province is so vast and all-important that men have generally given it a higher name. Nor is there any sphere of observation too minute for genius. Leigh Hunt, for instance, deserves that title as a poet because he felt more deeply, and spoke out more clearly than most men, the tenderness that dwells in grass and trees and fields. These illustrations might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. In a word, true genius sees what none has seen before, and by the strength of reason apprehends it with so firm a grasp that it can readily express it through one of the many media of communication between man and man. For if the idea is fully seen, it cannot fail to be expressed. Only incomplete visions and vague sensations are incapable of utterance. Of course, if we adopt this view of genius, we deny that it can be *created* in a man, but we assert that it can be trained and augmented to an almost indefinite extent. And this is specially the case with the mechanical facility of expression which we reckoned necessary to complete genius. That must first exist in a rudimentary state. A man can never be an artist, unless he is drawn like Giotto to the chalk, or like Handel to the spinnet, in the face of all difficulties; nor a poet, unless he has command of language. But study quickens hand and eye, and increases the vocabulary. The double nature of genius, its conceptive and its representative faculty, is always to be recognised, but we see it most clearly in the art of painting. There, a distinct physical organization is absolutely requisite for the full production of the inner thought. As in all other matters, so here, art is an index to the laws which govern man; and no one who cannot express, or learn to express, a thought or feeling deeper than that of other men has a right to consider himself a genius.

CYNICAL FALLACIES.

THAT union of the sickliest sentimentality with the coarsest cynicism which is characteristic of Young France is nowhere more strikingly brought out than in one of the stories of the younger Dumas which has long enjoyed a supreme popularity among the artists and students of Paris. Antonine, a beautiful girl, who gives her name to the book, is the daughter of a physician. Edward, or Arthur, or Alphonse—we forget which—catches a glimpse of her ankle one muddy day in the Rue de Rivoli, and forthwith tumbles into a frantic ecstasy of love. He cannot eat, nor sleep, nor read. He is consumed with fever; he raves all day and cries all night; he looks ghastly; "*il est souffrant*," which seems to be the appropriate phrase for the climax of this kind of agony. After a time, he discovers the residence of Antonine's father, and calls upon him on the pretence of seeking

his professional advice. Antonine has been peeping through the parlour blinds, and on his departure asks her father if the young man is ill. "My child," is the reply, "this day twelve months the young man will be dead." Antonine, who is deeply in love with Edward or Alphonse, swoons away at this, while the physician weeps copiously. It appears, however, that there is a certain system for curing consumption, which is Edward's malady; but it is one requiring the most tender and incessant vigilance on the part of the nurse. The rest follows. Antonine devotes herself to his cure, and without delay marries the consumptive suitor. Then the action of the story really begins. The reader will be at no loss to imagine the situation, and the elaborate and minute expansion which it will receive at the hands of the author of *La Dame aux Camélias* and *La Dame aux Perles*. Two young lovers in a state of frantic mutual passion, heightened by the consciousness that their fiery bliss may be quenched within twelve months, and one of them supposed to be slowly wasting away in consumption—what more could be desired by any writer or reader of this school of fiction? The medical details, now so indispensable alike to the boudoirs of the Champs Elysées and the dirty garrets of the Quartier Latin, are carefully enumerated. We may leave our readers to conjecture the quantity of blood-spitting and the amount of passionate raving, and the loathsome artistic product which results from their combined representation. Suffice it to say that this is protracted through a whole volume, and that at last Edward is carried safely through the crisis by means of the heroic devotion of Antonine. This is the end of the story proper, but the sting lies in *l'envoi*. The reader is supposed to be worked up to a tremendous pitch of sympathy with the sufferings of Edward and Antonine, and to be left happy in the contemplation of their future bliss, when his dream is dispelled in some such style (we quote from memory) as the following:—"Reader, do you really want me to tell you what became of them? I would much rather leave it unknown. It would be better for you, perhaps, not to know. But, after all, art is truth, &c. &c. Well, Edward is filling some small post in a provincial town, and has grown fat. He is now engaged in an intrigue with the wife of the Prefect. Antonine knows all about it, and laughs heartily."

It is difficult to recall anything more deeply cynical than the laugh with which we are dismissed. The author plainly flings his moral at mankind as the sum and conclusion of all human philosophy, and implies that anybody who thinks otherwise must either be a romantic young fool or a hypocritical old one. There is probably not very much danger that either the objectionable art or still more objectionable philosophy of M. Dumas *filz* will ever become naturalized in this country. But the moral of *Antonine* illustrates a part of that philosophy which may be occasionally observed, though never very loudly expressed, among younger people even in England. Neither cynicism nor the cognate vice of adherence to the principle of *nil admirari* is at all congenial to the English character. We are too thriving, and enjoy too varied and extensive a sphere of activity—literary, commercial, and, above all, political—to be ready to adopt a theory which would render all our prosperity a mere hollow nut, and would teach us that our activity, though very well as a means of getting through time and securing a certain measure of bodily comfort, is at bottom nothing higher or better than a fashionable remedy for *ennui*. Most young Englishmen are too athletic and too robust in body to appreciate the cherished creed of the dyspeptic denizens of the Quartier Latin, who live poorly, who drink much unwholesome wine and eat much unripe or stale fruit, and to whom the morning "tub" is either unknown or terrible. And young Englishwomen, though perhaps curtailed in their modes of activity to a greater extent than is salutary, are preserved by the example of their brothers, if by nothing else, from sinking into the hopelessness implied in the reception of the wizened philosophy which finds such favour among the more immured maidens of France. But, for all this, anybody who is familiar with the talk of the older undergraduates or younger dons at the Universities cannot fail to have been struck with the appearance now and again of this spiteful valuation of the world, its gifts, and its enjoyments. It may be detected at the junior tables in the great dining halls of the Inns of Court, and is not wholly absent even from the examination rooms of the Bishops. It is, in truth, one way of interpreting facts which are tolerably patent to everybody who attempts anything like a survey of life and its prospects. But it results in a superficial and fallacious interpretation, although one that is peculiarly likely to become popular, if only for a time, at an epoch like the present, when some of the traditional renderings and glosses, and some of the old consolations, are being more or less finally removed. The vicissitudes of life are an obvious and inexhaustible theme for speculation and moralizing. They offer a variety of morals depending upon the attitude in which they are approached. Most people, like Hamlet, leave the moral unimferred, and gratify a speculative sentiment by pondering and wondering, without proceeding to construct a whole theory of life upon it. The crash of the people next door is as good a text for them as Yorick's skull was for the Prince of Denmark. They think of Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, stopping a hole to keep the wind away, or of Beau Brummel, or of the great Railway Director, once the god of lords and bishops, lodging *au cinquième* at Boulogne. But they are sober-minded enough to shun all rash generalization, or at least do not go beyond the conventional *Sic transit gloria mundi*. Everybody is conscious of the irony of fortune on a less heroic scale than Julius Cæsar or Beau Brummel. Many

a stout matron who now spends her evenings in playing jigs on the piano to amuse a horde of children, while her husband is smoking his cigar among the horses and pigs, used twenty years ago to distend herself with all sorts of high resolves and lofty aspirations and noble views over the sonatas of Beethoven. The man whom you remembered at college as ranting Carlyle and Emerson by the volume, and repeating all manner of high ineffable phrases, with a great deal more sound than substance, about the infinity of life and the eternity of labour and the healing doctrine of sorrow-worship, is now whipping grammar into little boys who make faces behind his back, or perhaps is carrying out his doctrine of renunciation and worshipping sorrow by means of a fine house, a cellar of choice wines, and a good cook. In such cases as these, the irony of fortune is no more than the collapse of transcendentalism, and has its origin in the simple operation of ordinary causes. Commencing life with theories only fit for a world of angels and shadows, these people have been forced to throw them overboard on encountering a world of men and substances. Perhaps the most remarkable of such collapses has taken place on a large scale in our own time in the case of the disciples of St. Simon, by far the most extraordinary of modern enthusiasts. Enfantin, their leader, was the prince of fanatical mystics. He advanced pretensions of the most extravagant kind, but which, notwithstanding, were fully acknowledged by men who have since become eminent both in letters and political science. He held direct communication with heaven. He was the Free Man; and as soon as they could discover the Free Woman, the regeneration of the world would immediately commence, and the new religion would spread over the globe. He induced men to give up all they had to follow him; he prescribed rules of life, costume, and worship, which were implicitly received by ardent followers; he was persecuted by the Parisians, who laughed at the strange dresses and habits of the new order, and he was prosecuted by the French authorities, who detest all apostles. Men actually went to Egypt and Syria in search of the Free Woman, but in vain; and at this moment Enfantin, after sorting letters and selling stamps as the postmaster of a provincial town, is an official on the Lyons railway.

Facts like these—and they abound in life, though under less extraordinary conditions—if looked at in a certain light, may indeed tempt a man into cynicism and the pleasant conviction that everything in the universe is of the nature of "humbug." But then the light is not that of plain reason or common sense. He arrives at this conviction because he has taken the first and easiest generalization which the facts appear to suggest. It may assume various forms. If the observer is constitutionally or by habit of a dyspeptic and irreligious temperament, he becomes a cynic. If he is constitutionally devout, he turns either anchorite or Calvinist. In the first of these cases, the practical conclusion may be—"Eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; let thy garments always be white, and thy head lack no ointment; and live joyfully with thy wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity," and this is the whole duty of the sensible man. Or the cynic may be less cheerful, and, folding his arms and knitting his brows, may survey the scene with an ill-conditioned placidity which the force of habit eventually raises into a kind of genuine happiness. In the case of the devout, we are to eat bread with sadness, and drink wine or water with sourness, wear garments of horse-hair, shave our crowns, and eschew wives altogether. Or, if the observer be of a Calvinistic turn, we are to be equally sour, unsocial, and self-tormenting, with the doubtful consolation that the whole world is one grand "vessel of wrath." This fundamental identity, underlying such widely-varying developments in practice, might be as instructive as startling if the persons concerned could be aroused to a recognition of it. The pious malignity of a Begg and the gloomy despair of a Dumas come to much the same thing. The one tells us that we may seek pleasure if we choose, but that it will only end in hollowness and misery in this world; while the other tells us the same about this world, and adds the penalties of hell in the next. Perhaps, of the two, the cynicism of M. Dumas is preferable. If everything is really vanity and vexation of spirit, at all events he rather pities mankind for it. But creatures of the school of Begg gloat over it, and steel us against the horrors of the next world by trying to get up a very fair rehearsal of them in this. A recognition of this fundamental agreement in their theory of the present life would, we repeat, be highly instructive to the disciples of both schools—alike to the morbid student of the Quartier Latin and the sour presbyters of Edinburgh.

Cynicism of the style of M. Dumas is, after all, little more than a trick. The reader is bidden to look through one glass, and he sees Edward and Antonine in a state of mutual rapture tempered by consumption. Then the author gives the machine a dexterous turn—the reader looks again, and sees Edward grown fat, making love to the Prefect's wife, and Antonine standing by and holding her sides. We may see this trick worked to excess by an English satirist who is a far greater master of it than M. Dumas. It appears as if the author of *Vanity Fair* would give us no more books in which we are not constantly being drawn aside to witness his adroit manipulation of this binocular moral apparatus. It may unquestionably be very effective if used with discretion, but its use should not be too frequent. Bestowing the highest praise of which it is susceptible, we can only say that it is ingenious. Life is not made up of such conjuror's transitions, and the reiterated intrusion of them as philosophical representations of the lot of man tends to divert the mind from a truer view of the

matter. It requires very little reflection, and no very elaborate observation, to learn that, in the main, what we call the irony of fortune is in reality the palpable result of human conduct, and that, in the main, "man is master of his fate." His life will, in the long run, be pretty much what he has deliberately chosen to make it. There are one or two sources of misery which are beyond calculation and control—disease, for instance, and bereavement. But, after we have made allowance for these and similar elements in life, it remains abundantly clear that enough happiness and enjoyment is within the reach of nearly everybody to make life a very desirable thing. If a man's life affords two violent contrasts, the latter situation has probably flowed from the earlier by a natural course of single actions gradually accumulating into habits. Those who would see this doctrine illustrated in a fashion very far removed from the easy cynical trick by which a sort of contrary doctrine is sought to be established, may be referred to George Eliot's last work.

There is some apology for the employment of this trick of contrasts when the object is to excite tenderness and pathos in the minds of hearers or readers. It is at once legitimate and effective in Dr. Guthrie, for instance, when preaching a charity sermon for a penitentiary, to bring before his listeners the contrast between the position of the wretched outcast who wearily traverses the streets of Edinburgh, and flaunts about by lamplight, and her life when she bounded over the fresh heather of her native hills or watched the stars over the mountain-tops. But he draws no false general conclusion from the contrast. It is a contrast resulting naturally from a certain course of conduct, and it would be preposterous on the strength of it to begin to exclaim that life is weariness and all things are vanity. The young man who was mulcted the other day in three thousand pounds for breach of promise may reasonably indulge in this theory for the next few months. He has the requisite amount of contrast. First—

It seems like a pleasant dream, too good to be true. I begin to believe that love is holy now, as I said my prayers last night for the first time for ever such a time. I registered a solemn oath in heaven, when I took your hand in the cab, that I would love and protect you all the days of my life, and I do sincerely hope and trust that we shall ever love each other as we do now, and never have to recall our vows.

Then he may give the machine of his imagination a turn in the manner of M. Dumas, for "art is truth," and may look from this picture to that. The cab-taken oath is broken; love is no longer holy, but a mercenary matter of 3,000*l.*; and a middle-aged gentleman in spectacles, with a stentorian voice, is making fun of him, and his vows, and his hope and trust, to a crowded court of giggling Britons. But does it follow, because a Lancashire commission agent makes a fool of himself, that life is a blank, and the world a howling wilderness, and that there shall be no more cakes and ale? Yet the premises from which M. Dumas *filis*, and some greater than he, draw such a conclusion, are precisely of the same kind, and no stronger in degree.

ANNEXATIONS.

IN looking over the map of Europe, and in looking more especially at those parts of it whence we hear the cry of "oppressed nationalities," we soon meet with facts which speedily upset almost any theory that can be put forward. In one place, we see artificial States formed by the union of several races or portions of several races; in another, we see countries where union seems required, and not forbidden by geography, still divided between several independent Powers. There is not one among the greater Powers which exactly coincides with any strict ethnological division, nor are there many among the smaller ones which do so. These are palpable facts, in asserting which we are asserting nothing new. Nor is there more of novelty when we add that it does not do to lay down any sweeping general rule affirming that all political arrangements which contradict the great theory of race are in themselves unjust and ought at once to be altered. We have often tried to show that race, though an important element, is only one element among several in the formation of that corporate being—much more easy to know when we see it than to define—which we call a nation. The truth is, that community of blood on a large scale works very much like community of blood on a small scale. A man's kinsfolk by blood are not necessarily the persons in whose company he takes most pleasure, or with whom he has the greatest number of interests in common. A man may greatly prefer a friend who has no known common ancestor to his first cousin, or even to his brother. But, nevertheless, kindred counts for a great deal in common life. It does not ensure either affection or community of taste; but it goes a good way towards producing the one, and towards sometimes producing, sometimes supplying the want of, the other. Community of blood, and still more community of early associations, gives a man a start. It makes it more easy to form a real friendship, if there are any materials for real friendship, and it makes it more easy to get on with him on kindly and familiar terms though there be no real friendship in the case. A man has, after all, a feeling for one of his own blood which he has not for a stranger of whom he thinks far more highly, and in whose company he takes much more pleasure. The tie is a real tie, and a very strong one; yet it is not so strong but that, under some circumstances, other ties may prove stronger. So it is with community of blood on a great scale. Here, too, community of blood gives a start. The presumption is in its favour. The tie of blood forms a nation more readily than any

other tie. Still it is not so strong but that other ties may sometimes prove stronger. Religious, political, or geographical circumstances may outweigh the community of blood; they may turn strangers into countrymen, and countrymen into strangers. If, then, people of the same blood and tongue are divided, or people different in blood and tongue are brought together, it does not at all follow that the existing arrangement is one to be condemned off-hand. Before we can say whether it is good or bad, we must look much more narrowly both into the present circumstances and the past history of each particular case.

And here, again, we must give the universal caution against rashly judging either the past by the present, or the present by the past. An arrangement, whether of union or division, which was thoroughly unjust and inexpedient when it took place, may have so turned out as now to be the best arrangement possible. It constantly happens that, though it may not be the best arrangement possible, yet it turns out so well that to meddle with it now would do more harm than to leave it alone. So, again, an arrangement which every one wants to get rid of now may have had thoroughly good reasons for it at the time when it was made. We must avoid both the dead conservatism which would defend everything now because it may have served a useful purpose some ages back, and the shallow pseudo-liberalism which at once despises the past because some of its institutions and arrangements are now a good deal the worse for wear.

Thus, among the successive annexations made by France, a large portion, in all ages, have been made in defiance of all existing rights either of princes or people. They have often been made distinctly against the will of the inhabitants of the annexed provinces, to the great injury of other Powers, and to the general danger and disturbance of Europe. Among the countless acquisitions of territory by France, there have not been above two or three, from the seizure of Lyons to the seizure of Savoy, which we should hesitate to set down as distinctly unjust. And even the incorporation of fiefs within the kingdom, as Normandy, Langue-doc, and the Duchy of Burgundy, has constantly been the result of practices hardly easier to defend than the external aggressions of the Parisian kings upon the princes and cities of the Empire. And French annexations have at all times been made more odious by the systematic hypocrisy by which they have been accompanied—the boasts, the fallacies, the sophisms, the rubbish about "ideas" and such like, which make the brute force of Russia, Austria, or even Turkey, seem comparatively respectable. Yet the annexations of France are just the last which any prudent politician would propose to meddle with. The seizure of Savoy and Nice is so recent that that wrong might possibly, under some strangely favourable circumstance, be undone; but the state of the world must alter wonderfully indeed before there is any chance of the recovery of Marseilles, Besançon, Nancy, or Valenciennes. Mankind may rather think themselves lucky if they can still save Genoa, and Bern, and Aachen, and Mechlin, alike from the occupation of Parisian garrisons and from the perversions of Parisian tongues. To undo some of the wrongs done by Russia or Austria does not seem wholly hopeless; but to undo any of the evil deeds of France, from Philip the Fair to Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, seems beyond all human power. Nor is this merely because France is a great Power with which it might be dangerous to meddle. France would be able to bring forward a sort of right on her side if any one were to propose the separation of French Flanders or of Franche Comté. She would have something to say which Russia and Austria have not to say on behalf of their possession of Poland or of Venetia. Unjust and violent as was the original acquisition, France has never kept her conquests in the position of dependent or subject provinces. They have been fairly incorporated with the kingdom, and have fared well or ill as the rest of France has fared well or ill. The conquests of France have not, like the conquests of some other Powers, proved sources of weakness, but sources of strength. So much the worse for the rest of the world when the strength of the aggressor is thus increased; but still some praise is due to a conquering Power which contrives thus to identify the conquered with its own people.

It is plain, at the first glance, that no incorporation of this kind has taken place with the conquests of the Ottomans, or with the various countries which Austria has annexed, more commonly by marriage or treaty than by actual conquest. It is equally plain that among the conquests of Russia examples may be found of both classes. The Ottomans still remain an army of occupation among conquered nations. They have failed to amalgamate any one of the European nations whom they have subdued. Even the Albanians, who have so largely embraced the religion of the conquerors, have still preserved their own nationality. And this is the more to be noticed because, though the Ottomans have not amalgamated a single nation as a nation, they have amalgamated countless individuals of all the conquered nations. During the great days of the Ottoman Empire, the choicest troops of the Sultan were the tribute children, and renegade Christians enjoyed a decided preference for all the highest posts of the State. This or that Turk is as likely as not to be by descent a Greek, a Slave, or even a Western European. But this sort of incorporation, though it has taken place on an enormous scale, has still been only an incorporation of individuals. Not one province has been really incorporated in the way that the conquests of France have been incorporated. So with Austria, where there has been no such difference of religion and manners as has separated the Ottomans from their Christian

subjects. Hungary is not a conquered country—unless we date its conquest from 1849; and we may say the same of Venetia. But Venetia will have nothing willingly to say to an Austrian sovereign in any shape. Hungary may perhaps receive Francis Joseph as King of Hungary, but it will have nothing to say to an "Austrian Empire" and its "Reichsrath." As for the conquests of Russia, the condition of Poland speaks for itself, but we hear of no disaffection in the German provinces on the Baltic. It is said that an anti-Russian feeling has lately shown itself in Finland; if this be the case, it would be worth finding out how far the native Fins and the Swedish population think alike. Here, then, are some rather puzzling questions. Why can France really incorporate her acquisitions, while Austria can only hold hers as subject dependencies? Why does Russia sometimes succeed and sometimes fail in incorporating hers? We may, perhaps, by going through all the particular cases, find something like a general principle, but it must be laid down with great caution, and we must be prepared to meet with many paradoxes and exceptions.

In attempting to lay down any rule of the kind, we must, in each case, examine and make allowance for the peculiar circumstances of each annexation, and the religious, geographical, and political position of the different Powers concerned. The Turks incorporate individuals, but do not incorporate whole provinces, for the simple reason of the utter difference of their religious, moral, and political system. Whoever among the conquered will embrace Islam becomes the equal of the conquerors; whoever refuses to embrace Islam remains their subject. Now, though countless individuals of all nations have been guilty of apostasy, no one nation, as a nation, has apostatized. Therefore the nations remain distinct and subject, while particular men among them enter the ranks of the ruling people. We need not look any further for the inability of the Ottomans to incorporate. But the different fate of French, Russian, and Austrian annexations calls for a little more thought. The idea which they suggest is this—that it is easy to annex a province, but very difficult to annex a nation. When a people has acquired the full position of a nation, with a distinct language, an independent government, a place of its own in the history and politics of Europe, it would seem that nothing but brute force can hold it down in subjection to another nation. Hungary, for instance, is a distinct nation—an ancient kingdom, once free and powerful, with its own language, its own history, its own subject dependencies. Such a nation will never, of its own free will, sink into the condition of a province of an alien Power. Its people will continue to despise every offer of new and improved Austrian constitutions; what they want is the observance of their own ancient Hungarian constitution. Francis Joseph may be King of Hungary if he pleases, but the Hungarians will have nothing to say to him as "Emperor" of Austria. Now France has never annexed a nation in this way at one gulp. When the first Buonaparte tried to do so, he found that it did not answer. France has indeed swallowed up nearly all the people of the old Provençal speech, but happily she has not swallowed up quite all of them, and the people of the Provençal speech never formed a distinct nation as the Hungarians did. They were cut up into countless small States—some of them fiefs of France, some of the Empire. These France has swallowed up one by one, except those which still retain their freedom as members of the Swiss Confederation. But it is one by one that they have been swallowed up—now a county, now a city, but never anything to be called a nation. So with her acquisitions from Germany and the Netherlands; they have been conquests of provinces, not conquests of nations. A province like Languedoc or Elsass, a city like Lyons or Strassburg, may be seized against its own will, but it is not likely to retain its unwillingness so long as a really independent nation. The Duchies, Bishoprics, and Free Cities were, in one sense, sovereign States, but they were not nations. They were, even formally, parts of a greater whole, vassals either of the Empire or of the Crown of France itself. But the Kingdom of Hungary recognised no earthly superior; it was in every way as distinct a nation as France was. Thus the conquests of France, placed from the first on an equality with the elder provinces, and having perhaps, in some cases, practically little to lose by their conquest, gradually acquiesced in their position, and are now probably as truly French as Paris or Orleans. When the annexation is made by a State of the same race and speech, as when a small German principality is added to Prussia or Bavaria, the power of amalgamation is, of course, easier still. By comparing these two classes, we may perhaps find the key to the disaffection of Poland, and to what, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, we may assume to be the loyalty of Livonia. Livonia lost nothing by being conquered by Russia. It was no nation, but a province, and a very unlucky province. A Finnish people, with a German ruling class, had been tossed backwards and forwards between the Knights Swordbearers, the local Bishops, and the Kings of Denmark, Sweden, and Poland. For such a province it was really a gain to sit down quietly under the dominion of Russia, with the vast Russian Empire open to them, and, as its most civilized portion, with great practical advantages over its other inhabitants. But Poland suffered all the wrongs of Hungary, and many more wrongs. Hungary was not conquered as Poland was; it has been rather cheated than beaten out of its independence. And, at any rate, it was not cut up alive—not partitioned, but annexed whole. It would be open to Francis Joseph, if he pleased, to reign as King of Hungary, over what is really the greatest portion of his dominions, and to make Austria the dependency instead of Hungary. Alexander could not thus make himself King of

Poland. The really Russian part of his dominions could not be made subordinate to the Polish, and there would still be the Prussian and Austrian stealings to get back again. So with Venetia; if there were no free Italy adjoining it, good government might make it acquiesce as readily as Wales acquiesces in incorporation with England, or Brittany in incorporation with France. The case is different even from the German acquisitions of France. Their neighbours were not a single free German kingdom, but other provinces like themselves. The most liberal offers will be wasted on Venetia just as much as upon Hungary; it will not willingly send members to a "Reichsrath" at Vienna, when an Italian Parliament sits at Turin, or even at Naples.

Even within our own country we may see something like the operation of the same law. The national independence of Wales, at any time for the last thousand years, has been a mere chimera; and for three hundred years past Wales has enjoyed complete equality with the rest of the kingdom. The retention of a distinct language has, therefore, not been enough to hinder a practical incorporation. But though, in the present state of Europe, Ireland could not exist as a separate Power, yet the national independence of Ireland is not the same manifest absurdity as the national independence of Wales. Its size, its insular position, the local independence which it still partially possesses, the real wrongs of the past and the imaginary wrongs of the present, all combine to make the incorporation of Ireland far less perfect than the incorporation of Wales. Scotland, which really had become an independent nation, still remains such. The Union is practically not an incorporation, but a very close alliance, from which the smaller party reaps quite as much advantage as the larger. The connexion of Sweden and Norway, which has turned out so eminently prosperous, is not a case of annexation, but rather of Federal union.

We have said that we must not judge of what is right or expedient in one age by its causes or its effects in another. The Union just spoken of was the result of a wicked conspiracy against Norwegian independence; but fortunate circumstances have made it turn out well. We may doubt whether Vaud gained much by being transferred from the dominion of the Dukes of Savoy to that of the Patricians of Bern. We may doubt whether Chablais lost much when it was handed back again from Bern to Savoy. The rule of a native despot was probably not more oppressive than that of a foreign oligarchy, and it was far less degrading to national feeling. But mark the final results. The conquests which Bern retained now form one of the freest and happiest regions in the world; the conquests which Bern lost have sunk into the common bondage of their neighbours. Had the Bear kept as firm a grasp on the Southern as on the Northern side of the Lake, Europe would not have had to look on in vain indignation at the latest—in Europe at least—of Parisian annexations, nor should we have to tremble lest Geneva should one day share the fate of Lyons and Arles and Besançon and Chambéry.

BATHING ABROAD AND AT HOME.

IT is by trifles that national character is most distinctly shown. All the more elaborate and important institutions of nations have a tendency to assimilate to each other. The results of reasoning and reflection will be the same in all countries; and the arrangements which are the result of them cannot, in the end, differ very much. But in the smaller matters of life, the subjects of mere caprice and taste, a nation's spontaneous tendencies make themselves very plainly seen. Bathing—a subject with which, as actors or spectators, a considerable number of our readers will be familiar just now—curiously illustrates the difference of the two nations which, in more important matters, are gradually drawing more close together. The two systems are much valued by the two nations; and the plan of one is wholly intolerable to the other. The Englishman cannot endure the restraints of the French system, and the Frenchman boldly sets down all our talk about morality as humbug when our laws and customs tolerate such outrages upon decency as are witnessed at an English watering-place. To an Englishman the charm of his system is its independence. His bathing-machine is his castle. The little bit of sea it encloses is his peculiar property. No one can encroach upon the few cubic feet of water he has appropriated for the time. If he likes to sally forth for a swim, he comes and goes regardless of the existence of any one else. It is not necessary for him to take any notice of his most intimate acquaintance who may be bathing in the next machine. He adopts precisely that amount of clothing or nudity which comports best with his own idea of what is comfortable or decent. He need take heed of no regulations, and recognise no public opinion in his proceedings. The sea and he have it entirely to themselves. That mixture of freedom and seclusion which constitutes an Englishman's chief happiness finds its highest ideal in an English bathing-machine. To carve out for the time being a private property even in the sea, and to have contrived a movable house for the enjoyment of a luxury in which seclusion seemed impossible, is quite a triumph of the national peculiarities. In France, the whole spirit of the scene is changed. The pastime ceases to be the isolated, surly, exclusive affair which it is upon the English coast. But, at the same time, it loses its characteristic freedom. Like every other action in the life of a French citizen, it is

tremendously regulated by the Government, and it is as much made the opportunity for the display of a Frenchman's gregarious tastes as any other part of the day's employment. There is no period of the twenty-four hours at which the beach looks so gay, so full, so picturesque, as during the bathing time, and at the place which a paternal Administration has selected as the most suitable. Perhaps what makes it the liveliest is the curious costume in which many of the figures upon it appear. The Government has taken the observance of decency under its own protection, and prescribes with accuracy the apparel to be worn. It looks a comical kind of decency to English eyes. The men are dressed in a sort of trowsers and jersey all in one, which differs from ordinary garments of that description chiefly in being much too short in the legs and arms. This arrangement seems to be a compromise between the Government's appreciation of decency and the natural human desire to be as naked as possible in the water. But, to a stranger, it looks as if all the male population of the place had been seized with a sudden fancy for dressing in the clothes of their little boys. But they are not the oddest figures of the scene. The Government, having ascertained the minimum of clothing that is respectable for men, appears to have come, by a kind of mechanical logic, to the conclusion that a similar quantity is abundant for women. The result is, that the beach is peopled with a number of nondescript-looking figures, bearing very much the appearance of short, ill-made men, scantily dressed in chocolate-coloured serge—a sort of forked radish turned brown from keeping—which it requires some effort of reasoning, on the part of people who are not habituated to this Paradisaical innocence of costume, to believe may possibly be ladies. All these figures wander about in the aimless dilatory way which appears to be an integral portion of the amusement. Some are approaching the water with lazy steps, wondering whether it is not rather cold, and, in the agonies of deliberation, displaying the beauties of their costume to considerable advantage. Others, who have had their dip, are picking their steps wearily over the shingle, looking in vain for the *cabane* where they may relieve themselves of the dripping garments which cling to their figures with a tenacity which gives rather a statuesque effect. All this time, by way of contrast, the beach is full of non-bathers—women dressed as only French women can dress—who are come to enjoy the spectacle. The contrast between the well-distended cones of gorgeous drapery which sweep along to and fro across the beach, and the poor brown, dripping, bifurcated spectres who are creeping over the pebbles up to their *cabanes*, may give a philosopher food for reflection upon the distinction between accidents and substance. If any anxious parents wish to provide a cure for some love-stricken youth, let them take him to see the mistress of his affections bathing at a French sea-place. Romance itself could not survive the sight of the fair one, associated in his mind with graceful movements and flowing lines and harmonious colouring, emerging from the water in the similitude of a magnified brown rat on its hind legs, which has narrowly escaped from drowning. Few who have not witnessed it can imagine how much of feminine beauty can be left behind by its owner in a *cabane*.

But the scene in the water is stranger still to English eyes. It looks like some mythological picture representing the Tritons carrying off the Nereids, or the Satyrs pursuing the Nymphs. The first thing that meets the spectator's eye is several couples in the water, holding each others' wrists, and to all appearance struggling violently. One of each of these couples is one of the brown rats we have described, and whom, by this time, the spectator has learned to speak of in the feminine gender. The other is a very muscular broad-shouldered Frenchman in a sailor's dress, who appears to look upon the brown rat as his own peculiar property. Generally, he seems to be shaking her violently by the wrists, and taking the opportunity of each successive wave that passes to duck her under its crest. Sometimes he is grasping her round the waist; sometimes he is tugging at one arm; sometimes she seems to have been just cast ashore by a very violent wave close by him, and to be lying in a suppliant attitude at his feet. At one end of the *cabane*, for the better display of manly and feminine forms, is erected a spring board, from which these strangely clothed beings, of either sex, are projected into the sea. Sometimes they take "headers," sometimes they take "footers;" but the fairer portion of creation, unaccustomed to these athletic feats, is very apt to take that compromise between the two to which Etonians were in the habit of assigning an unepithetous name. It is fair to say that all these pastimes are not invariably conducted under the rough manipulation of the muscular French *baigneurs*. Ladies who are fastidious prefer that the male hand in whose guardianship they struggle with the waves shall be one with which they are not wholly unfamiliar. Such an arrangement may be more correct, but it is not nearly so comfortable. Uninitiated males are much more apt to be upset by the waves themselves than to be able to give much assistance in the critical moment to their tottering charges. Husband and wife may often be seen entering the water affectionately hand-in-hand, and returning more speedily than they had intended, clutching each other in an involuntary embrace as they are tumbled over by some unusually large wave. Brothers, or even casual friends, are put to the same use by ladies who shrink from the *baigneur's* sinewy arm; and it is quite the proper thing for a lady to make an appointment with her male friends for a swimming party, always assuming that her accomplishments enable her to bear her part in it. But experienced bathers

do not trust to such a frail support. It is no consolation to the fair one who is let go at the critical moment, and washed up by the surf in admired disorder, that the arm which played her false was a conjugal or fraternal limb. And after all, it is a pity, when you have gone so far, to distress yourself with any remnants of English decorum. When you have once persuaded yourself to run the ordeal of walking in the comical tights, into which your dress is converted by the water, across a large open place, in presence of crowds of well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, any further display of fastidiousness is an unnecessary injury to your comfort.

Englishmen, at least, will never be very partial to this system of bathing. They gain nothing by it except the very questionable privilege of being allowed to swim about among their female friends, both parties disguised, *par ordre superieur*, in a dress of exquisite absurdity. Though all opportunities in which the sexes are allowed to mingle freely are of course valued by young men on their promotion, still it can hardly be said that the French plan of bathing adds anything to their opportunities in that respect. It would hardly be possible to commence an eligible acquaintance in the sea, or to pursue a promising flirtation at the moment that both parties were wading out dripping wet upon the shingle. A neighbouring *cabane* might give an opportunity for a Pyramus and Thisbe adventure, if unfortunately the *cabanes* of the two sexes were not generally kept apart. On the other hand, it is an utter destruction of the comfort of bathing. It is not bathing—it is only getting wet through in a rather elaborate manner. Moreover, it requires more courage than a good many English people of either sex possess, to face an admiring assemblage of well-dressed and scrutinizing spectators in such a costume. But the fact that the system exists in France, and has been carefully arranged by the authorities as a model of decency and decorum according to their ideas, may teach us a lesson as to the conventional character of those terms, and the danger of censuring an apparent breach of them in the customs of other nations. It is difficult for an Englishman to conceive a method of proceeding less consistent with his ideas of strict decorum; and yet it is adopted by a people who unanimously agree to censure him for his outrageous disregard of decency in respect to the same subject-matter.

WANTED, A CHURCH.

AT a time when theological controversies are attracting an unusual amount of attention, and creating a great deal of public excitement, we may naturally expect the religious adventurers who infest the country to come somewhat prominently forward. When a similar kind of excitement prevails in the commercial world, the City is invaded by a swarm of speculators, projectors, promoters, and other men of prey. Such excitement is to them what a Royal procession or a great house on fire is to the members of the less reputable branch of their profession. The vocation of the promoter involves many abrupt transitions, and it is only occasionally that Providence favours him with a long run of sustained good luck. And the case of the religious adventurer is precisely similar. In an ordinary way, he has to go through a vast amount of dreary and tedious work, and to submit to frequent discomfiture and much mystification. In smooth times, he has no opportunity of high distinction, and no chance of exercising his craft out of the beaten track of humdrum hypocrisy. As a general rule, Dissent offers a better opening than the Church. The Church requires a certain amount of preliminary general education which is not attainable by everybody. But this barrier seems likely to be speedily removed, and the certificate of Homerton or Didsbury may shortly be as valid a passport to Anglican orders as the degree of Oxford or Cambridge. At least it is difficult to see why, if St. Aidan's and St. Bees' are admitted, Homerton should be excluded. But even when this difficulty shall have been got over, and the ministry of the Church of England shall have been transferred wholly into the hands of the illiterates, the Dissenting system of competitive examination will still continue to offer superior advantages to any young adventurer of real ambition. In the Church, preferment is bestowed on a quite different principle. There is no such thing as making a certainty of it, unless it be by marrying the daughter of a Tiverton attorney; and as the number of Tiverton attorneys is necessarily limited, this opening is obviously narrow and doubtful. Now the Dissenters have not yet fully recognised the competitive principle, but they resort to a modification of it. Their system is, in fact, exactly that of the Civil Service appointments. A certain number of candidates are nominated for a vacancy, and the persons so nominated then proceed to fight it out among themselves. So, when Zion loses its shepherd, the wethers of the flock lie forth in search of a successor, and invite as many promising "parties" as, according to proper episcopal usage, they can lay their hands upon. Then there is a fair field and no favour. Sunday after Sunday do the flock sit in judgment upon the various shepherds, until they find one to their taste. The worshipful body of deacons or wethers presents an appearance of corporate wisdom on these occasions which must be truly awful to the nervous candidate. The expression on the countenance of each seems to indicate the practices of his calling. As the young man in the pulpit invites their attention to his samples of doctrine, the pork-butcher seems to be mentally propping with his fore-finger the

flanks of some fat hog, the linendraper to be inwardly performing that peculiar operation with fore-finger and thumb with which he is wont to test the texture of cloth, and the cheesemonger looks as if he had just drawn his gimlet from the heart of an old Cheddar, and, after digging out a piece with his thumb-nail, were solemnly pondering the verdict of his palate. Of course people who—in the words of the young man at the late Wesleyan Conference—"are ground to the earth by a tyrannical Church system which leaves them in darkness," may doubt whether the best way either of producing or selecting honest, thoughtful, learned, and large-minded men is to put them in the position of religious bagmen soliciting orders; but it is impossible to deny that this method is highly favourable to the adventurer. It may often be the means of bringing modest merit into the light of day, but it also gives a wonderful chance to impudent hypocrisy. The adventurer, who, from the very force of the term, is not a block-head, knows exactly the quality of doctrine which will suit the palate of his examiners, and is generally sufficiently fluent to spice his exposition with the tinsel illustrations and forged anecdotes which the soul of the Bethel wether loveth. Or if he have not originality enough to forge anecdotes, or manufacture illustrations, or declaim fine English, he can always resort to the literary labours of previous ages and other churches, without any fear of detection. Not very long ago, a mighty scandal was created among the Dissenting community in Lancashire by the discovery that a candidate who had greatly distinguished himself at one of these competitive affairs had electrified his sheep with stolen lightning. A Dissenter probably objects as little as anybody else to a borrowed sermon, provided it be a good one, but it was justly felt that to carry this practice into the examination-room was of the nature of dishonesty. There is only one disadvantage under which the Dissenting ministry labours in the eyes of the thorough-going adventurer. The tradesmen from whom he gets his goods are his paymasters, and therefore any tendency towards indebtedness is checked by a peculiarly prompt kind of sequestration. But, in a general way, the religious adventurer has no desire to cheat his creditors. All that he wants is to get on in the world, with some praise and a fair share of pudding.

The present is an admirable opportunity for a really enterprising religious adventurer. To "promote" or "project" a new religious company could scarcely fail to be most highly remunerative to the promoter or projector, if not to the shareholders. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the speculations of Bishop Colenso, combined with the fatuous conduct of his right reverend brethren, will prove a godsend to the religious adventurer; just as the speculative transactions of one or two of the great mercantile firms impart a tone to the market which at once gives a fillip to the labours of the professional schemer. An advertisement appeared the other day in one of the morning papers, that may serve to indicate the kind of speculation which may soon become common:—

WANTED, a CHURCH of PROGRESSIVE THOUGHT,
By a Young Minister, accustomed to a large Congregation in one of the first Provincial Towns.

No objection to a Sub-Editorship.—Address, Alpha, &c.

This modest petition for pulpit or paste-pot was cruelly thrust down into obscurity among the unfurnished apartments, second-hand billiard-tables, washing, nurses wet and dry, cream-coloured cobs, and gentlemen of the highest position who would be obliged by the loan of ten pounds for twenty-four hours. We presume poor "Alpha" indulges in the hope that his advertisement may catch the eye of some heretical deacon as it wanders down the column of notices "To Master Pork-butchers," "To Grocers' Assistants," or "Eligible Milk-walks." But we fear his hope is ill-founded. Persons of this sort like to keep business apart from pleasure, and would be sorry to turn their eyes, when once fixed on the shop-till, to anything connected with the edifying pastime of badgering pastors. Besides, we would gladly think that even the most ignorant and stupid of deacons has too much intelligence to be taken in by so transparent a piece of impudence as a newspaper advertisement for a church of progressive thought by a person who has no objection to take a sub-editorship. And what is a Church of Progressive Thought? An assembly, we presume, of half-educated tradesmen, who, under the sage guidance of the advertiser—himself probably a person with no pretence to any education beyond such as could be procured at a Dissenting theological college—would begin by a little mild Colensoism, would advance to some sort of mysticism, would tumble into atheism, and finally (the majority of them), after about five years of progressive thought, would make a violent progress back again, and become the most orthodox of churchmen or narrowest of chapel-men; while their leader would be forced to insert another advertisement in the daily papers, or perhaps take to touting for a photographer. The jargon of professional theology is nauseous enough, but it is not a whit more so than that of professional unbelief; and such phrases as a Church of Progressive Thought are not more intelligible than the old refinements in the controversy upon Grace or Free Will. But the advertiser in all probability never troubled himself about the precise signification of his term. There are scores of young men exactly in his position. They are to be distinguished by two characteristics—an utterly wavering and unsettled state of belief in the first place, and, in the second, an intense desire to become the leaders and guides of their neighbours. It is remarkable how inseparable, among young men, is a wavering faith from an itching for apostleship. The fact that

they themselves do not know what to believe appears to them to be the best possible reason why they should set to work to instruct their neighbours. The temptations of the pulpit are fatally irresistible. No other sphere affords the same opportunity of gratifying the two most prominent aspirations of weak people—those, namely, after personal display and giving advice to others. Mr. Carlyle is never wearied of saying that the modern priest is the writer. But, to the man with vanity and a measure of flashy talent, the career of the writer must appear far inferior to that which, according to Mr. Carlyle, is destined to supersede. The writer has no chance of fascinating the public, or winning their admiration by the graces of a florid rhetoric as they appear when garnished with the orator's mellifluous voice, carefully cultivated head of hair, and neat bands and shirt cuffs. The pomp of the pulpit and an audience in Sunday clothes inflame the youthful imagination, in certain classes, far more than the prospect of mere literary influence. The advertiser, however, can scarcely be wholly led by these vain considerations. There is no pomp about sub-editing. Reading over miles of "proofs," and writing paragraphs about a shower of stones, or an extraordinary birth in the Highlands, or the movements of fashionable people, or a monster cabbage, constitute as unpretentious a calling as can well be imagined. But "Alpha" is a type of a numerous school. Such men have a soul above the shop. If possible, they would prefer distinction in the pulpit; the lofty height which a Spurgeon has attained is the summit of their desires. But they justly think that Mr. Spurgeon has rendered rivalry in his own line hopeless. So they strike out into the "progressive thought" business. If progressive thought does not prove a hit, they fall back upon penny-a-lining. But we should suppose that they may make a very good thing out of the first device. Bishop Colenso will, at his present speed, have finished off the whole of the Old Testament in about eight years, and then there will still remain all the New. His brethren will not cease to abuse him with anile ferocity during that time, so that really, considering all things, the religious adventurer has every prospect of a rich and prolonged harvest. To borrow the terse telegraphic accounts of molasses, new religions will be lively and in good inquiry, and the religious Wragges—the "cultivators of the great field of humanity"—will reap as much money as if they had invented a patent medicine.

THE CAMPDEN HOUSE CASE.

THE extraordinary dullness of the Summer Assizes was, to some extent, relieved by the trial about Campden House—a trial of considerable interest to that numerous class who insure their houses and their furniture. The case in itself was interesting, and it was doubly interesting as showing the sort of grounds on which the managers of two leading Insurance Offices thought it right and decent to charge people, not merely with arson, but with arson committed under circumstances which involved the moral guilt of a triple murder of the most horrible character. If Mr. Wolley really converted his house into a sort of infernal machine, and set fire to it without taking any precautions against the destruction of the Temples, he undoubtedly committed a crime infinitely more atrocious than the common run of murders. The verdict of the jury having cleared his character from this diabolical guilt, it becomes matter of something more than curiosity to see what were the grounds on which the two companies in question considered themselves warranted in imputing it to him.

The fire at Campden House occurred between three and four in the morning of the 23rd of March, 1862, when the house itself and its contents were destroyed. The tenant of the house, Mr. Wolley, was forty-five years of age. In his youth he had been, as we learn from the offensive and impertinent cross-examination to which the defendants thought proper to subject him, in what people call "an uncertain position;" that is, he had been something between a waiter, a clerk, and an actor—a little of each. In 1847, he married a Miss Cope, who, as well as her younger sister, had a fortune of 35,000*l*. In 1854, he bought a ninety-nine years' lease of Campden House, and in 1855 he let it to Colonel Waugh, and went himself to live at Tonbridge Castle. Whilst there, his wife was accidentally drowned during her husband's absence, and after her death the younger sister continued to live with her brother-in-law. Each of these ladies appears to have entered fully into Mr. Wolley's tastes. He laid out the whole of his wife's fortune in buying, furnishing, and ornamenting the house. Nearly 16,000*l*. out of the fortune of his sister-in-law was spent in the same manner. The family lived on the income of the rest of her property. The house itself would appear from the evidence to have been a sort of old curiosity shop. It was full of curious carvings, ornamental ceilings, pictures, rich carpets, gilding, chandeliers, and all manner of other things of the kind. Mr. Wolley carried his taste so far that he once bought an estate in Essex for 1,300*l*., and sold it again for 900*l*., merely for the sake of being able to remove some rich carvings which it contained, and which thus cost him 400*l*.. In short, the description of the house and its contents is exactly like that which Balzac gives in his novels of the dwellings of such monomaniacs as Cousin Pons or Balthazar Claes.

The use to which this remarkable house was put was that of giving splendid parties, at many of which amateur plays were acted. One lady said, "There were large assemblies there very frequently, and theatrical entertainments, perhaps twenty in the season." "There would be sometimes 300 or 400 people there at

assemblies and concerts." The plays seem, for the most part, to have been for the benefit of charitable institutions. The last season of the splendour of Campden House was that of 1861, after which Mr. Wolley and Miss Coape went down to a small house at Brighton, where they appear to have lived like other people till the time should come round again for a new set of festivities. Early in March, Mr. Wolley returned from Brighton to Campden House with his servant Crozier, whom he was obliged to have constantly near him because he was subject to epileptic fits. A carpenter and builder, named Temple, whom Mr. Wolley had kept constantly in his employ for many years, was taking care of the house at the time, with his wife and son; and there, according to the theory of the defendants, Mr. Wolley and Crozier spent three weeks in deliberately preparing to burn down the house, with the Temples in it—a plan which, the Insurance Company assert, was duly carried into execution.

Certainly all the antecedent probabilities of the matter are flagrantly opposed to this view of the case. The defendants' theory was, that Mr. Wolley was in a most distressing position—"a position," as their counsel said, "in which some men would have committed suicide." He had laid out all he had in the world on the house and its contents. He had also borrowed about half of his sister-in-law's fortune on the security of it, and was entirely dependent for his livelihood upon her generosity. By burning the house and furniture, he would get from the insurance offices, on different policies, nearly 30,000*l*. This is a singular illustration of the way in which even calm men of business will venture to argue under provocation. A moment's consideration shows that, apart from any question of conscience, no one but a madman would have done such an act. In the first place, the offices had the right, if they thought proper, to rebuild. In the next place, if they elected to pay on the policy, Mr. Wolley was under a covenant to rebuild, so that the 12,000*l*. insured on the house itself would have done him no good. If he had not been able to rebuild it for that sum, which seemed probable, he would have lost by the bargain. In the next place, the furniture was mortgaged to Miss Coape, who said she "had an interest in the furniture to the extent of 13,000*l*., and had lent him thousands more." So that, when she was paid off and the house rebuilt, there would be nothing left for him except the lease of the rebuilt house. In other words, he would have burnt his house down for the pleasure of rebuilding it, and have satisfied Miss Coape's claims by destroying her security. This he would have done at the expense of committing a crime for which, if convicted, he would certainly have been sentenced to penal servitude for life, and for which, if the Temples had been burnt, he would most undoubtedly have been hung. That being the case, it is perhaps superfluous to add that he would have destroyed the very objects which he had passed his life in collecting, and which to a collector have charms scarcely intelligible to the mass of mankind.

The particular facts which the defendants deemed sufficient to support the theory that Mr. Wolley did burn his house, notwithstanding all this, were that he carefully prepared the house for burning—that he hung the walls with paper, put tapestry over the windows to conceal the flames during the early part of the fire, varnished the wainscoting, and laid out the books on the tables as if to dry. It was admitted that there were plausible "pretexts" for all this—that the varnishing was natural enough, that the paper was said to have been hung up over the varnished wainscots for the sake of keeping off dirt and insects, that the tapestry was hung against the light in order that the holes in it might be easily seen and conveniently mended, and that the books might have been opened to dry. It was said, of course there would be pretexts, but here there were "striking coincidences. If it was an accident, it was the most wonderful that ever occurred; there was the varnishing and repairing of tapestry and the drying of books, and the covering up of the walls happening all at the same time." This is the sort of argument which may be excused in a counsel who has a weak case, but it is astonishing that cool men of business should act upon such absurdly frivolous reasoning. There is about as much marvel in this coincidence as in the coincidence between taking up the carpets, whitewashing the ceiling, and putting brown-holland covers on the furniture, which may usually be observed when a family goes out of town. The simple fact is, that each of these operations was connected with setting the house to rights, and all, therefore, would naturally take place at the same time. Besides this, there is something monstrous in the notion of a man carrying out all these designs under the eyes of domestic spies who would have it in their power to bear witness against him, and whose absence he might easily have procured. The presence of the Temples in the house was barely consistent with the theory of the defendants. It was not suggested by any one that they were connected with the alleged crime. If they had been kept out of the way, whatever suspicions there might have been, there could hardly have been any proof of guilt, and it is barely conceivable that any one should have left them in the house in order to be burnt. If they, or if any one of them, escaped, they would be able to give evidence as to what had passed, and this evidence would be biassed by not unnatural resentment. Something, too, must be allowed to human nature. Such guilt as would be implied in the deliberate murder of three persons for the sake of rendering the detection of a crime a little more difficult, is not to be assumed without proof. If it had been intended, it would probably have been effected.

Up, therefore, to the incidents of the fire itself, there is

nothing at all to excite suspicion. Mr. Wolley had no conceivable motive for the crime imputed to him. To say the very least, his conduct was quite as consistent with innocence as with guilt; and in one important particular (the presence of the Temples in the house) it was strongly suggestive of innocence. What, then, were the incidents of the fire? It is hard, in reading the reports of the case, to get a distinct notion of all that passed, and, in particular, of the order of the different incidents in point of time; and it is still more difficult to understand many of the details of the matter without the help of a plan of the house itself. In general, however, it appears that Mr. Wolley, according to his own account, went to bed at about eleven, or between eleven and twelve. Crozier, who came to help him to undress, went downstairs to put out the gas in the library, where he had been sitting. Mr. Wolley said he would go with him. On their way downstairs, they met the Temples. Temple said he would have put the gas out if he had known Mr. Wolley had gone upstairs. After putting the gas out, Mr. Wolley went to bed. Crozier told the same story, with the addition that he saw a light in the greenroom, and supposed that some of Temple's family were sleeping there. The two Temples said that Crozier observed, when they met on the stairs, that Mr. Wolley was going to sit up to work late, or all night. At about 2 A.M., a man named Ellis was in the street, near the house, and swore that he saw Mr. Wolley and Crozier walking together. It appeared, however, that he told a man of the name of Cliff that he was "a little alewed," and it seems probable that he was mistaken. Such little bits of evidence constantly occur in trials in an inexplicable way. It would seem as if the fact that a case has attracted attention obliged a certain class of people to mix themselves up with it somehow or other. At about three, according to Mr. Wolley, he was woke up by a loud noise; he found the house on fire; he then tried to rouse Crozier, but, before he succeeded in doing so, he went across to call up the Temples, though he could not get at their room, which was on the other side of a staircase, by reason of the fire. He then went back with Crozier, who had in the meantime been awake, got out of the house by another way, and went round to the front of the Temples' window, where he tried to rouse them by shouting. Mrs. Temple at last came to the window, and threw herself out after some hesitation. She and her husband and son had been aroused by the fire, and set out to escape by themselves. A floor fell between them, and Temple escaped through a window and along some leads. Mrs. Temple and the boy then went back to their room. She swore that she heard no shouts; but Mr. Wolley might have been shouting while she was out of the room trying to follow her husband, and, at all events, between the noise of the flames and her excitement, it is natural enough that she should not have noticed very precisely what passed on the occasion.

Various people came up, including several policemen, and a good deal of confusion arose in trying to put together the different statements which they made; but most of the apparent contradictions may be explained by supposing that they measured time incorrectly. One witness, however, swore that he heard Mr. Wolley shouting, "Oh, my poor Temple, my poor house," while Mrs. Temple was lying on the ground, which so far confirmed his account. On the other hand, several policemen who came up gave accounts of the comings and goings of Mr. Wolley which were not altogether consistent with his evidence, nor, it would appear, with that of each other; and no one appeared to have heard him give the alarm as he said he did. This, however, comes to nothing. The precise details of a scene of confusion can never be ascertained unless there is something specially striking about them. The only piece of evidence which appeared to possess any considerable degree of importance was that of a man named Woolhouse, who said that he went into the kitchen of the house, and there stumbled over some clothes, and picked up a pair of drawers and a pair of laced boots, which he afterwards dropped. It was suggested that these were put there for Mr. Wolley's use, and that this showed that he set the house on fire. Woolhouse said he threw the clothes down again, and they were burnt. At all events, they were not produced. Even conceding that Woolhouse was entirely to be trusted, it seems a very long step from this circumstance to the conclusion. The bare fact is one which might create suspicion, but, unconnected with anything else, there is little to be said about it. A number of witnesses were called, who said that the flames seemed to burst out in every part of the house at once, and no doubt it burnt very quickly; but it was an old house, wainscoted and lately varnished, and it is difficult to say how quickly the fire might spread in such a case. Fire runs very fast along an old and dry wainscoting. It may be added that Mr. Wolley published an account of the fire in a local paper, in which he charged the police with being out of the way when they were wanted, and in which he appears to have made various statements which some of the witnesses contradicted in matters of detail.

This was the substance of the case. It is curious to see how little it comes to when it is put together. There is not, in the whole range of the evidence, a single fact which really proves any one of the elements of such a crime as was imputed to Mr. Wolley. There is no proof of motive, no proof of preparation, no proof of execution. There are isolated facts which, if you choose to begin by assuming that there was a crime at all, point out the way in which it was committed. Assume that Mr. Wolley did burn his house fraudulently, and the different facts proved will no doubt bear the construction put upon them by the companies;

but there is nothing whatever to compel that conclusion, though they might suggest it to persons whose interest and, to some extent, whose duty it is to be suspicious. The case is a good instance of the nature of suspicion as distinguished from proof; and, we may add, it is a striking example of the extent to which suspicion may be made to do duty in place of proof. A Court of Justice was occupied for a whole week in listening to "evidence" which it did not need two minutes' deliberation to stamp as utterly frivolous and worthless. The fact that the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff on the instant, without leaving their box, furnishes a sufficient comment on a proceeding which is probably unexampled, and which, it may be hoped, is little likely to be regarded by Insurance Companies as a precedent for imitation.

PRIZE-FIGHTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE proceedings which took place on Tuesday last, in connexion with the prize-fight between Mace and Goss, offer a good example of the difficulties under which the business of the prize-ring is at present carried on, and raise the question whether it is expedient that those difficulties should continue to exist. It is necessary, under the present system of magisterial interference, that any gentleman who feels curious to witness a prize-fight should betake himself on the previous evening to one of those sporting public-houses where persons, properly accredited by their appearance or the introduction which they bring, may obtain what is called "the office." As it is not the usual course of business to take any important step until the evening has so far advanced that a suitable quantity of boozing and smoking has been got through, it will probably be eleven o'clock before the sporting host or an assistant whispers in your ear—but loud enough, as you may think, to be heard by any person present who did not know before—"Paddington Station; half-past three." If your residence is distant, and your faculty for calling yourself preternaturally early is unreliable, you perhaps consider that your wisest course will be to take up quarters for the night where you are. It appears, on inquiry, that all the bedroom accommodation of the house has been already appropriated to other amateurs of prize-fighting who are so much beneath the level of the occasion as to wish for a night's rest beforehand. But you are promised that when the house closes, which will be at one A.M., you may begin to try to sleep upon a bench in the parlour. The closing of the house, however, does not exclude the more select portion of the guests, who continue the night's revels at one end of the room, while you proceed with experiments upon your own power of sleeping under difficulties at the other. Occasionally, some ragged and sudden hanger-on of the house appears to have discovered, by the help of such glimmering of intellect as has escaped extinguishment in beer and gin, that it is likely that any attentions bestowed on yourself may result either in a pecuniary acknowledgement, or at least in an inquiry what your kind friend will take to drink. Accordingly he approaches your end of the room, and sitting down in familiar, not to say affectionate, proximity, he begins to dilate upon the dangers which unprotected gentlemen incur at prize-fights, and the confidence which may be placed in his own prowess, and his high and long-established character for honesty. As your countenance, perhaps, betrays the doubt which occupies your mind, whether your friend is likely three hours hence to be able to take care of himself—to say nothing of taking care of you—he calls the head-waiter to testify that all he has said is truth, adding, at the same time, an asseveration which will not bear repeating. On being summoned to support the assertion of your would-be protector, the head-waiter strongly advises you to take the additional precaution of leaving your watch or other valuable property with him. The waiter is in all probability quite honest; but as, after groping in his pocket for some time, he produces a few shillings and a watch-key, and, holding them in an unsteady hand, gazes at them under an apparent belief that they represent a watch which he says has been already entrusted to his keeping by another gentleman, you think that perhaps the till of a public-house which has been doing some hours of roaring trade is quite as much as the head-waiter is capable of taking care of. This opinion is confirmed by observing that, when you ask the waiter to change a sovereign, he counts six or seven shillings several times, as if he thought that they were sufficient for the purpose, and meantime he has lost your sovereign in some of those pockets which he had represented to be a safe receptacle for the watches and jewellery of gentlemen who propose to attend prize-fights.

The guests of the parlour drop off one by one to get, as they say, an hour or two's sleep before starting, and the waiter with the unsteady hand and slightly confused ideas proceeds to count the money in the till, and turn down the gas, and otherwise arrange for the security of his master's property. There is a cessation even of your friend's attentions, and for a very brief period an almost total stillness reigns before the noise begins of departure for the railway station. On this occasion, as on most others, those who are early in the field effect with ease what others find an arduous task. In strange contrast to some descriptions of similar scenes, you find ready access to the paying place through a double-line of the appointed ring-keepers of the day, who are supplied with means and seem to possess the will to do their duty. The porters and police of the Great Western Railway are, as usual, numerous, attentive, and respectful. The whole resources of the magnificent station appear

to be placed temporarily at the disposal of the patrons of the Ring; and the thought suggests itself that, as the Company is so obliging, there would perhaps be no objection to the fight coming off upon their premises, so that the business of the day might be settled there and then, before the genteel part of Paddington should be awake. A long train, composed partly of first-class carriages and partly of other carriages quite good enough for the occasion, appears to supply more than adequate accommodation. As time advances, you hear reports of a considerable mob and row outside the station, but all is tranquil and comfortable within. You remain in the enjoyment of that dignity of travelling which belongs to those who always go first-class and tip the porters, and the train starts as quietly as if it were taking you down to Windsor to present an address to the Queen. You are thinking that, whatever else may be said against the Great Western Railway, they certainly do manage a prize-fighting excursion capitally, when suddenly a head and shoulders are thrust through the open window of the carriage, a brass rod intended to prevent access is wrenched away, and a body and legs follow the head and shoulders into the interior. It turns out that, after being kept at bay for nearly an hour, a party of roughs finally stormed and carried the station just as the train was starting, and twenty or thirty of them jumped upon the steps, intending to find places as they proceeded. Among these sudden additions to the party in the train were one or two of the ring-keepers, who claimed the credit of having defended the wall of the station against the besiegers until all was lost, including, very nearly, their own chance of seeing the fight. The roughs who had thus unexpectedly dissipated all illusions as to the selectness and gentility of the excursion certainly deserved some credit for their spirited occupation of the moving train. Their clothes, it must be owned, were more dilapidated, and their hands and faces dirtier, than might be desired in travelling companions; but the class to which they belong are not all thieves as well as blackguards, and it would be unjust not to state that they are said to be in general respectful and, in their way, considerate towards those whom they take for gentlemen. One of these intruders manifested, as long as he was awake, a genuine delight in the beautiful country traversed by the railway, which was the more remarkable because his London birth and education were shown by his not knowing a field of potatoes when he saw one. "Sir, sir," he cried, "look at the corn—four ricks of it." It may be doubted whether his admiration of a fine rich meadow was not partly due to the consideration that it would be a nice place to pitch a ring; but his pleasure at the sight of corn-fields and grazing stock, and, indeed, at every object along the line, was only limited in expression by want of words. The topic upon which, when he was not looking out of the window, he dilated with eloquence which knew no check for lack of either feeling or language was the praise of Goss, or, as he preferred to call him, Joe. In the favourite negative style in which the lower order of sporting men always convey what is meant for strong assertion, he protested that "Joe ain't no use—Joe can't do nothing—Poor Joe, he's dead and buried, he is;" adding only one positive statement—viz., that Joe would never let a poor fellow want a pint of beer. After some demonstrations of the style in which he expected to see Joe fight, in which the more lively movements approached dangerously near the nose of a gentleman who was luckily asleep, our friend's eloquence became hushed by the fatigue of an active night in the streets and public houses. Scanning his well-built body and ugly but resolute features as he slept, it was natural to think what a soldier he would make, and how he might be made to go anywhere under good leading. There are generous instincts even in the London rough who hangs about public-houses, and learns to talk of prize-fights in language which is always blasphemous when it is not obscene. When we hear of somebody's "young-un" or "novice," whose first appearance is announced, it is difficult not to wish that their training had been in better hands.

One cannot help suspecting that the length of the excursion made last Tuesday was fixed rather to afford a pretext for charging a high price for tickets than under any belief that the spot selected was particularly eligible. Wootton Bassett, being nearly eighty miles from London, was reached shortly before seven o'clock, by which time of course everybody was awake, and the passing train had made the intention evident, and the place of executing it not difficult to discover. The preliminaries having been protracted as if for the purpose of wasting valuable time, the men got to work at eight o'clock in a ring which, although not particularly eligible for fighting, was so arranged as to afford spectators a comfortable and complete view of the proceedings. It was very disappointing when, after five minutes of preliminary sparring, the police appeared, and stopped further progress before a single blow had been struck. Without blaming anybody for this result, it certainly may be said that all the arrangements appeared to be calculated to produce it. As the Railway Company would do no more than convey the excursionists to any single point they chose, and back again, there was no option but to return to London. The journey back was rendered more amusing, if not more comfortable, by an interruption into the carriages of a large number of persons whose intention of travelling down by the special train, either with or without payment, had been frustrated by its early start, and who had come down by a later train. It appeared that seedy clothes usually contained pockets of wonderful capacity for carrying provender. One man produced half a loaf and—as he said—"a little bit of

pork," weighing probably a pound or two, which he ate by the help of a clasp knife having a blade about four inches long, and using his thumb with perfect impunity as a sort of cutting-block. Bottled beer was obtained in abundance at the Swindon station, but it would be rash to assert that it was all paid for. Everybody was anxious to impart a share of these extremely miscellaneous provisions to those whose pockets or forethought had not been equal to the occasion. In proof that this courtesy is not unusual, a gentleman of the party mentioned that on a previous occasion he started to see a fight rather seedy from being up all night. One of his travelling companions, noticing his condition, offered him first a drop of brandy, and then a little bit to eat. The latter offer being accepted, caused the production from the lowest depths of a trousers' pocket of three mutton chops, which had been placed in that receptacle warm, and, it need not be said, were likely to remain so. The kind proprietor of the chops extracted them with no little difficulty, along with a small quantity of loose tobacco, a match or two, a few coppers, and other trifling articles.

On reaching London, about one o'clock, an immediate move was made for Fenchurch Street, in hopes of catching a train for Purfleet on the Thames, and thence crossing the river to Plumstead Marshes, the well-known scene of many a fight. Cabs traversing London with a dozen gentlemen of unprepossessing countenances, inside and out, revealed the purpose of the expedition, and enlisted recruits in place of those who gave up the pursuit at Paddington. The struggle for tickets at Fenchurch Street, and again for places in the very few boats available at Purfleet, were both in their way exciting. Ultimately the fight began in the Marsh, just under shelter of the bank which restrains the water of the river, at a quarter before five o'clock, and at about half-past six it finished. The preliminaries have occupied so long that the actual battle must be dismissed briefly. It was evident that Goss was overmatched both in skill and power. Although the men's weights were equal within a pound, Goss had his substance in the legs and Mace in the arms and shoulders, where of course it would be more effective. Goss was very quick upon his legs, and in general he kept away from Mace, hoping to tire him out, or at least to protract the battle till evening closed and so to throw the finish of it into another day. There is no reason whatever to accuse Goss of lack of courage or to attribute his retiring tactics to any other motive than a desire to do the best he could for his backers' money. One of Mace's eyes was closed early, and Goss tried hard to close the other. Notwithstanding his shifty fighting, his own countenance, which is not naturally beautiful, had received several disfigurements. After many unsuccessful trials, Mace got at him at last, feinting with his left hand and making an upward hit with his right upon the jaw. The sound of the blow was audible by those who, from the pressure of the crowd, could not see it. Goss's head dropped upon his breast. He was carried to his corner insensible, and the fight was over. As the poor fellow revived, his first thought was of his defeat, and his seconds, to soothe him, temporarily assured him that it was a drawn battle. It was, however, a defeat, but no disgrace. It is only necessary to add that, looking to this particular example by itself, and without admitting or denying the truth of descriptions which have been published of other fights, the inference is that the epithets "brutal," "barbarous," "disgusting," and so forth, are uncalled for. There are people who do not like prize-fights, and there are other people who do like them. Much of what is objectionable in the art and its practitioners would disappear if respectable society would look less unkindly upon it and them. At any rate, there is no sufficient reason why magistrates and police should display their activity by interfering with a prize-fight in such an out-of-the-way place as Plumstead Marshes. The pursuit of prize-fighting under existing difficulties occasioned its votaries on Tuesday last to travel nearly two hundred miles, and some of them to expend twenty-four hours in seeing the fight between Mace and Goss.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY AT HOME.

THE prominence just given to the King of Dahomey and his dignified stances of the British Association, and the controversy which is going on as to his mental and moral idiosyncrasies, bid fair to make the name of that potentate a household word. He has the reputation of being the chief supporter of the slave trade in the interior of Africa; he is the *bête noire* of missionaries; and we heard a year or two ago such an account of his "customs," and of the hecatombs of human victims that are consumed in the celebration of them, that Lord Russell was recommended to put him down at once as a public nuisance. On such occasions it is always advisable to wait a little. Sad as it is to be obliged to make the confession, philanthropy, when its blood is up, is apt to be as indiscriminate in its vengeance as a King of Dahomey himself; and missionaries are occasionally given to premature alarms, wild exaggerations, and the vagaries of old-womanhood in general. We have lately had a picture of the terrible potentate, drawn from the life by one who has had every opportunity of seeing him as he is, who writes with a sailor's brevity and exactness, and who has presented Parliament with one of the most readable papers that have adorned that species of literature for years. If it is considerably more favourable than the sketch

which has been subsequently given to the world by M. Jules Gérard, it is more detailed and circumstantial, it appears to be founded on fuller opportunities of observation than those enjoyed by the celebrated lion-hunter, and it has just been confirmed by the independent and personal testimony of Mr. Craft at Newcastle. The narrative of our gallant countryman may perhaps assist us in correcting to some extent the very exaggerated and unpleasant impression of the royal character which M. Gérard's account of his Dahomey experiences is calculated to produce.

In November, 1862, Commodore Wilmot was cruising on the West African station in H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, and learned from the Wesleyan missionary at Whydah that the King of Dahomey was most anxious to see "somebody of consideration from England—a 'real Englishman,' with whom he might converse on the affairs of his country." Accordingly, he consulted the Yavogah, or Governor of Whydah, who told him to return in seven days, when he would "let him know whether the King would see him." He returned at the appointed time, and, having been meanwhile represented to his Majesty as a "good and proper person," with a sort of intimidation (which seems, by the way, to have been an extemporized addition on the part of the Yavogah) that he came out as a messenger of the Queen, he received the King's invitation to his capital in due form. There were two or three things, however, to be seriously considered. Our late attack on Porto Novo, which belongs to the King's brother, was said to have enraged his Majesty so much that he had expressed a strong desire to lay hands upon an English officer, for certain personal and unpleasant purposes. Also, the Europeans at Whydah had spread the most alarming reports of the King's hatred of the English, apparently in order to keep the English and the King as far apart as possible, and thereby to hide their own misdeeds from inconvenient publicity. But the Commodore, besides his unquestionable pluck and love of adventure, possessed certain special aptitudes for the mission. Among others, he had been personally acquainted with the King's father; and he carried about him, if we are rightly informed, a substantial and very useful mark of his regard. So, with perhaps a few qualms, he sent his ships on a fourteen days' cruise, and, accompanied by Captain Luce and Dr. Haran, and joined on his way by the Wesleyan missionary, he landed at Whydah on the 22nd of December, 1862. He was received most cordially by the Yavogah and chiefs, with drums beating, colours flying, muskets firing, dancing, and war-songs, and was also treated to a sight of the manoeuvres of a slave hunt. All along the road the party was treated with great respect. Presents of water, fowls, and goats met them everywhere, accompanied with the usual amount of firing, drumming, dancing, singing, &c., and a series of ominous speeches, signifying the general desire of the speakers to "go to war and cut off heads for their master." A prince was ordered to attend them on their journey, and the King sent three of his "sticks," by special messengers, to meet them on their way—gold stick, silver stick, and all the rest of it, of course, just like St. James's or the Tuileries—possibly a well-meant endeavour to reassure them that, notwithstanding the odd tone of the "speeches," his Majesty was a good Christianlike king after all, even if he did go to war "for an idea" now and then, like some of his brethren.

On the 10th, the King received them in state at Cannah, eight miles from his capital. They were carried three times round the square of the palace with much ceremony. Then they entered the gates of the courtyard and beheld his sable Majesty seated with about a hundred wives round him, "most of them young and exceedingly pretty," at the upper end of a sort of state avenue of variegated umbrellas, under which were congregated his principal chiefs. All around stood "the Guards," a household brigade consisting, in this instance, of a remarkably fine body of Amazons, of whose soldierly bearing and accuracy in loading and firing the Commodore everywhere speaks with much admiration:—

The King was reclining on a raised dais, about three feet high, covered with crimson cloth, smoking his pipe. One of his wives held a glass sugar-basin for him to spit in. He was dressed very plainly, the upper part of his body being bare, with only a silver chain holding some fetish charm round his neck, and an unpretending cloth round his waist.

All this, except, perhaps, the spitting apparatus, is civilized enough, if one only reads it rightly. The dais might have done duty at the last Lord Mayor's Ball; and "the upper part of the body" of half the ladies in the ball-room might have been described with exactly the same fidelity, if the *Court Journal* on the occasion had chanced to be written by a blunt commodore, instead of veiling its descriptions of "low" dress under the conventional euphemisms. This preliminary interview, however, was simply one of ceremony. There were the usual inquiries about the Queen's health, the travellers' journey, and our form of government, *Eothen*-fashion; the Amazons performed their feats very creditably, brandished "gigantic razors," and cut off imaginary heads with them, just like a sham-fight at a review; and the audience ended with the indispensable present of bottles of rum all round. Rum is hardly so appropriate a beverage as champagne on such occasions, and they have, unfortunately, no Pall Mall in Dahomey, so that this part of the ceremony has to be performed *coram populo*, instead of being adjourned, as with us, to the club after the *levée* is over. Our own reserve in the matter is, however, curiously parodied in those parts:—"No one is permitted to see the King drink; all turn their faces away, and a large cloth is held up by his wives while the Royal mouth takes in the liquid."

On Sunday morning, the 14th, the King entered his capital,

Abomey, in great state, and the strangers were permitted to see the famous "custom" held annually by him in honour of his "father's spirit." It lasted several days; and the description of the King drawn round the square by his body-guard of women, the "occasional skull at the waist-belt," the scramble for cowries, cloths, &c., distributed by the King from a platform raised twice as high as his father's used to be, and the live fowls, goats, bull, and lastly, men, thrown among the crowd from a tower thirty feet high, is well worth reading; but we can now only speak of the last and best-known part of the "custom." After the romantic tales we have heard about the immolation of human victims by the thousand, it is comparatively satisfactory to learn that they only amounted to six one day and eight another. Here also, as in everything else, it is understood that the present king doubles the liberality of his father; and he was at pains to explain that the victims were criminals—murderers, thieves, &c. The Commodore doubts the strict veracity of this statement; but one cannot help remembering that, not very many years ago, if a Dahomean envoy had come to England and stood in front of Newgate—not once a year, but once a month—he might have seen a "custom" quite as curious, performed with as much or more solemnity, under the presidency of sheriffs and chaplain, and at least as sanguinary. Moreover, the King good-naturedly presented one of the victims (after his black face had become "extraordinarily white" at the prospect before him) to the Commodore, and another to a chief who happened to be a particular friend of his, in honour of the visit. We are not sure that our sheriffs would have displayed a similar amount of politeness; and they could not, if they would.

On one occasion during the festivities, certain emissaries from Aghwey, "hearing that it was the intention of the King to attack their country, came to give themselves up to him rather than take the chance of being taken, sold, or beheaded." They swore fealty to him, kissed the dust, covered themselves with sand, and the like. The King made a speech to them; and then the Prime Minister made another, in which was pointed out "the power of the King and the greatness of his name." Then "each chief was presented with cowries and cloth, the two principal ones with a wife each." In more civilized latitudes, when people are chaffering about kingdoms, very much the same process is observed, only that we mostly give gold and bunting, instead of cloth and cowries, and occasionally, perhaps, a wife with the kingdom; the petitioners "eat dirt" plentifully, and the Prime Minister is sure to make his speech on the occasion—in Parliament, it is true, but very much to the same effect. Altogether, one gets the notion that the King of Dahomey is not very much behind the rest of the world; or, anyhow, that for most European countries the process of stone-throwing would be a hazardous experiment. At the end of the "custom," and when the Commodore had been made Colonel of the King's Life Guards (men and women), and had been regaled with speeches from the captains as to what they would do at Abbeokuta (the place he had come to save from an expected inroad), and congratulated on "the number of heads that would fall to his share" when this happy piece of homicide should have been accomplished, the real business of the mission commenced. The objects Commodore Wilmot had in view were laid before the King in order, and his negotiations, if not betokening any very high order of statesmanship, were at all events far beyond those of the King of Prussia, or an average Bourbon. The slave-trade he could not give up:—

They had seen how much he had to give away every year (indeed, the desolate aspect of the whole country showed that the scanty population almost lives on these royal doles)—where was he to get money from? It was not his fault; our fathers had made his fathers do it; and now it had become an institution of his country.

As to the safety of Abbeokuta—

I must go thither; they are my enemies; they insulted my brother, and I must punish them; let us alone; why interfere in black men's wars? Let the "white man" stand by and see which are the brave men.

He promised, however, to spare all the Christians and send them to Whydah.

On the Commodore's asking him about the Christians at Ishagga (who, it seems, had been slaughtered with no great discrimination on a former occasion), he says:—

Who knew they were Christians? The black man says he is a white man, calls himself a Christian, and dresses himself in clothes. It is an insult to the white man. I respect the white man; but these people are impostors, and no better than my own people. Why do they remain in a place when they know I am coming? If they do, I suppose they are taking up arms against me, and I am bound to treat them as enemies.

The Commodore honestly owns himself floored here, and "reasoned with him no longer on this subject, because he thought his observations so thoroughly just and honest." We are disposed to agree with him very decidedly. It must be rather puzzling to know how to observe international courtesies when "the black man says he is a white man," and expects his enemy to believe it. Then, about human sacrifices:—

You have seen that only a few are sacrificed, and not the thousands that wicked men have told the world. If I were to give up this custom at once, my head would be taken off to-morrow. By-and-by, little by little, much may be done; softly, softly—not by threats. You see how I am placed, and the difficulties in the way. By-and-by, by-and-by.

The sable brother rises in our esteem. We are beginning to rate him, in point of *voir*, considerably above the average oracles of the Missionary meeting. Meanwhile, he was quite willing to allow his mulatto subjects to send their children

to the Christian schools at Whydah; and he promised to send a prince to England as soon as the Commodore came again to renew the friendship, and gave him "the Queen's" answer to what he had said. Finally, he dismissed the Commodore with handsome presents for the Queen—a royal umbrella made of all sorts of velvet, a pipestick and bag, one of the state "sticks," and a couple of intelligent captive girls. These last are, considerably enough, left at Whydah for the present.

On the whole, it must be admitted that the King of Dahomey has something to say for himself. As is remarked by a correspondent of the *Times*, writing under the signature of "An African," "Human sacrifices are regarded by the Africans as a part of their religion;" and in no quarter of the world is it safe for sovereigns to go too decidedly against popular and accredited traditions. It is equally true, as we are reminded by the same writer, that "African monarchies are limited;" and it is perfectly credible, though not in accordance with the uniform tenor of European experience, that "African kings are in advance of their subjects." The King of Ashantee had exactly the same apology as his brother of Dahomey to offer to an English visitor (Sir William Winniett, the Governor of the Gold Coast) for hesitating to abolish the "custom" of his dominions:—

"What you say is good, but would you like to lose one of your epaulets?" and the King put his finger upon the Governor's left epaulet. Sir William was a little puzzled at the strangeness and at the apparent inappropriateness of the question, but he replied, "Why, no, I should not." "Very well, then," answered the King. "If I were to attempt to do away with human sacrifices, my chiefs would make my kingdom like your coat with its one epaulet. I should lose the half of Ashantee."

What may come of the Commodore's mission, time only can show; but, with a King so sensible of the evils of the present state of things, of the desolate condition of his country, and of its decaying population (it appears that it is under 180,000, of whom three-fourths are women and children), and with his high and apparently just pretensions to be, "not like these kings of Lagos, Benin, &c.," but *the* King of the blacks, much as Queen Victoria is chief Amazon of the whites, we venture to augur favourably of the Dahomey future. It is clear enough that, if we can fairly meet his views, he is quite ready to renew the friendly intercourse to which, oddly enough, about a hundred years ago, his family owed the recovery of its throne. In what preachers, when they come to a hitch, call "the highly figurative language of the East," or South, the sable King said, on receiving Her Majesty's picture, "The King of Dahomey and the Queen of England are one; you shall hold the tail of the kingdom, and I will take the head." At first we took it for a somewhat ambiguous compliment, depending, at all events, for its value on the place to which Anglican and African physiologists respectively may happen to assign the seat of honour; but in Commodore Wilmot's commentary it simply means that we may take possession of Whydah, the port, and supply him with everything if we like. That is, if we mean to suppress the slave-trade, he very naturally invites us, in the first instance, to give him a legitimate trade instead of it. The country is admirably adapted for the growth of cotton, silk, coffee, indigo, sugar, and every product of tropical climates; the natives are not naturally warlike, and at present "seem heartily tired of it;" only it is their trade—they live by it. Teach them a better, and there seems little doubt that they will avail themselves of the opportunity. Their religion, the great difficulty in most countries, will not stand in the way. "Fetich," which prescribes all manner of self-denials in the culinary way—prohibiting some to eat beef, others mutton, others goats' flesh, others eggs—has never yet been known to forbid anybody wine or spirits, and it will probably be equally accommodating in the articles of trade and manufactures. The King complains bitterly of our having listened to idle stories, and set all his neighbours at war with him; and it really seems as if our missionaries, while they have been humbugged by the tales of interested slave-dealers or by their own timorousness, have been keeping us at needless distance from the very person who, from his titular sovereignty over the native tribes, and his traditional regard for the English, is more likely than any one else to help us in drying up the slave-trade at its source. It is one more instance among many of the folly of mixing up political with religious missions. For sound head, frank bearing, solid sense, and practical success, Commodore Wilmot is worth a whole presbytery of preachers.

RECENT RESEARCHES ON RADIANT HEAT.

ALL modern physical investigation goes to prove that space is filled by a medium, almost infinitely elastic, and of all but infinite attenuation—that light is produced by minute waves propagated through this medium, and impinging finally upon the optic nerve—that different impressions as to colour are produced by waves of different lengths—and that there are waves too short and waves too long to excite the optic nerve at all, though the invisible short waves are competent to produce chemical effects, while the invisible long waves are competent to produce thermal effects. Multitudes of rays of both kinds, chemical and thermal, which produce no sensible impression upon the eye are emitted by the sun.

To generate those minute waves the ultimate particles of the body whence they issue must be in a state of oscillation—the body is either luminous or warm. The atoms of the sun, for instance, are in an intense state of oscillation; but the atoms of a block of ice are also oscillating, and the difference between their motions and the motions of the sun's particles is merely one of

degree. We have never reached the absolute zero of temperature. Strictly speaking, all bodies are warm, though they may not be so when the temperature of the human frame is taken as a standard; all bodies possess the molecular motion that we call heat. Now, some molecules possess the power of communicating motion to the elastic medium which fills space in a far greater degree than others. The recent experiments of Professor Tyndall show that those bodies to which chemists have given the name of elements are highly inadequate to agitate the elastic medium, while chemical compounds, one and all, possess this power, some in a moderate, and others in an extraordinary degree. There are compound gases, for example, which possess many thousand times the radiant energy of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, or atmospheric air. Some years ago it was universally believed that all gases were sensibly transparent to calorific rays, at least for such distances as could be commanded in ordinary scientific experiments. Melloni, for example, could obtain no measurable interception of heat in a distance of eighteen or twenty feet of atmospheric air, and it was long thought that all other transparent gases were equally ineffectual. But the most recent experiments of Professor Tyndall show that a film of gas of less thickness than the paper on which these words are printed, cuts off a perfectly measurable portion of a calorific beam. A plate of olefiant gas not more than three-tenths of an inch thick strikes down 114 per cent. of the entire radiation from a source heated up to 400° Fahr., while a plate of this gas, two inches in thickness, intercepts 30 per cent. of the entire radiation.

There are, as we have said, waves of various lengths emanating from warm and luminous bodies, but all these waves produce upon proper instruments the impression of heat. They may be chemical, and they may be light-giving, but they are always at the same time thermal. Heat is the final form which all these waves assume. But as regards their powers of penetrating bodies, rays of very different qualities may travel side by side. Further, to certain rays emanating from a body a second body may be opaque, while to certain other rays the body may be transparent. This power of penetrating bodies, of crossing them instantaneously, as light crosses a perfectly transparent body, has usually been taken as a test of the quality of the heat. One source, moreover, may emit rays competent to pass freely through a medium in which the rays from another source are entirely absorbed. And thus we have cleared our way to the consideration of a question raised some years ago in a book remarkable for the purity of its style and the novelty of its speculations. We mean the *Plurality of Worlds*. The eminent writer of that book considered the case of the planets most distant from the sun, and by applying the known law according to which heat diminishes with the distance, he inferred that a temperature must reign at the surface of the planets referred to, wholly incompatible with the conditions of high organic life. But it was soon pointed out by other writers of eminence that in the foregoing speculation the influence of a gaseous envelope surrounding a planet had been entirely lost sight of, and that this influence may be such as to render the most distant planet habitable by beings like ourselves.

Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the possible influence of such an envelope than the result with olefiant gas already recorded. Imagine a shell of this gas only two inches in thickness to surround the earth. The sun's heat is of such a quality that it could penetrate this shell and reach the earth without being sensibly intercepted. The earth's surface drinking in the rays of the sun would become warmed, and would radiate its heat again towards space. But this terrestrial heat is of a far different penetrative quality from solar heat. At least 30 per cent. of the heat emitted by the earth would be prevented from escaping by the shell of olefiant gas which we have supposed to surround the planet. We have only to thicken our shell to a few feet to make the quantity intercepted fully 90 per cent. What, then, would the state of the earth's surface be with heat thus pouring in upon it, and no outlet for the escape of this heat towards space? Manifestly, a stifling temperature would result. And it is plain that the earth, protected by such an envelope, might be removed to a distance far greater than her present distance from the sun, and still retain a high temperature. It is even conceivable that, were the sun abolished, the feeble warmth of the stars accumulated under such an envelope might bring the surface of the earth up to its present temperature. In the envelope actually supplied to the earth, kindly Nature has provided for some degree of warming. The agent which she employs, and which plays the part of the olefiant gas in the case above supposed, is the aqueous vapour diffused through the air. This is the barb of our atmosphere, allowing the heat of the sun to slip over it towards the earth, but holding back the heat of the earth in its effort to escape into space.

But why should one calorific beam, or one set of calorific waves, be transmitted while another is intercepted? Why should the atoms of aqueous vapour which permit free passage to the sun's waves intercept the earth's waves? It is to be here borne in mind that the sun's rays differ from the earth's in their length, and in their periods of vibration, which depend upon the length. Open a piano and sing in among the strings; a certain string will respond to the note, the others remaining silent. The sound of an organ is sometimes taken up with such intensity by a special pane of glass that the glass is broken. When soldiers cross a pontoon bridge, if they walk regularly, the accumulation of their motion may endanger the bridge. Half fill a claret glass with water, and move it quickly to and fro, by causing your hand to vibrate; you can readily time your vibrations so as to make

them correspond to the oscillation of the water on the glass, and when this occurs you will find the force expended a maximum. It requires less force to cause the glass to oscillate when the movement of the water and the movement of the hand are not synchronous. In all these cases periodic motion is absorbed by a body capable of oscillating in the same period. The piano string responds to the voice, the pane of glass to the organ, the pontoon-bridge to the soldiers' tread, and the water in the glass to the motion of the hand, because of identity of period. And this law applies equally to light and heat. If a succession of luminiferous or thermal waves of any period impinge upon a series of particles capable of vibrating in the same period, the motion of the waves is transferred to the particles—or, in other words, the heat or light is absorbed. Aqueous vapour then is hostile to the passage of the undulations of obscure heat—of terrestrial heat, for example—because of the general synchronism of its vibrations with those of obscure heat. It is this question of period that Kirchhoff has applied with such splendid success to the constitution of the sun.

When a ball is shot against a target, heat is developed by the collision, and what is true for sensible masses is also true for the ultimate atoms of matter. Whenever motion is destroyed, be it atomic or be it the motion of sensible masses, an equivalent of heat is generated. Thus, when we exhaust a receiver by an air-pump and allow air to rush in to fill the receiver, the collision of the air-particles against the sides of the receiver heats the particles. By a peculiar experimental arrangement Professor Tyndall permitted the particles thus heated to discharge their heat against a thermo-electric pile. Air, oxygen, hydrogen, or nitrogen, show under these circumstances a scarcely perceptible radiative power. But while they are thus heated—or, better still, before the air is allowed to enter the exhausted receiver—let a small quantity of sulphuric, or acetic, or formic ether vapour be permitted to enter the receiver. Then permit the air to stream in. The air is heated, communicating its heat to the ether vapour, and the molecules of the vapour at once show themselves to be powerful dischargers of the heat. By their intermediation the heat is quickly disposed of. They are so related to the elastic medium which pervades space that they cannot move in this medium without producing great disturbance, whereas the atoms of an elementary gas glide through the medium with a scarcely sensible power of imparting motion to it. The case has its exact parallel in the phenomena of sound. A small tuning-fork struck sharply and held in free air is hardly audible, but placed upon a sounding-board—on a table for instance, or on any body presenting a broad surface to the air—the board discharges the motion of the fork upon the air, and becomes a copious source of sound. The elementary atom alone is like the tuning-fork alone; the heat of the former, like the sound of the latter, is nearly insensible. But, applied to the compound ether molecule, the latter plays the part of the sound-board, and discharges an amount of motion on the elastic space-medium which the atom acting singly is utterly incompetent to impart.

The radiation of a gas through the same gas has been largely illustrated by recent experiments, and the influence of coincidence of period strikingly shown. The power, moreover, of certain atoms to impart motion to the elastic space-medium is not materially affected by the entangling of the atoms together so as to form liquids and solids. The act of radiation and the act of absorption are molecular acts, and the molecule carries its power, both as a radiator and an absorber, through all its states of aggregation. An elaborate series of experiments has been executed on the transmission of radiant heat through vapours, and then by enclosing in rock-salt cells the liquids from which these vapours were derived; they also were subjected to examination. In all cases it was found that the molecule retained its power when it passed from the free vaporous condition to the thrall of cohesion. Aqueous vapour, for example, is a powerful radiator, and a powerful absorber; and these powers are retained when the vapour condenses to water, and when it congeals to ice. Thus we convert radiant heat into an explorer of molecular condition; thus we affix purely physical quality to the ultimate particles of matter; the differences between elements and compounds manifesting themselves in a striking and significant way in the relations of these respective classes of bodies to the space-medium in which all matter is immersed.

REVIEWS.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.*

THE bursting of the great Hegelian meteor strewed the soil of Germany, a generation ago, with metaphysical fragments which, it was apparent, could never more combine into an organic body, or be once again, as a whole, rendered luminous. Ere, however, darkness palpable and total succeeded in shrouding the glories of the Teutonic firmament, it remained for one puissant though erratic spirit to shed a momentary and unexpected lustre over the vast obscure, to work out for itself a path into regions of thought previously unmapped and unexplored, and to take its solitary place as the inspiring centre of a new intellectual universe of its own. The ruling lights of German speculation had in succession sought to survey the phenomena of being from the standing-point of reason, to analyse them each on his own individual principle, and to reconstruct the fabric of knowledge in harmony with his

* *Hegel at Schopenhauer.* Par A. Foucher de Careil. Paris: 1862.

own separate consciousness. Various and discordant as were these multitudinous and independent systems, they were, in their origin and their method, ultimately one and the same. All alike started with the design, and culminated in the result, of viewing the sum of things under the aspect of intelligent order or organized reason. From the time of Kant, the edifice of philosophy had been built upon the sole principle of the analysis of pure reason. The theme was supposed to have been exhausted when pushed out to its extremes by the successive efforts of the subjective idealism of Fichte and the transcendental pantheism of Hegel. The *ego* and the *non ego* had been alternately sundered and blended. One more outlet, however, was to be found ere the developments of Kantianism were closed for ever. A new and radical element was proclaimed by a pupil of Hegelianism, who began by holding up Hegel, Fichte, and Schelling as the triple bane of philosophy, and for the idea of intellect or spirit boldly substituting, as the true key to the universe, the single idea of Will.

So little is generally known in this country of Arthur Schopenhauer and his writings, that some particulars of his origin and career seem indispensable as a prelude to any analysis of his philosophical labours, or any estimate of his position among contemporary thinkers. He was born at Dantzig, February 22nd, 1788. To his father, a wealthy merchant of great practical ability and force of character, it was his habit to trace the development of his own marked ethical temperament, as to the influence of his mother he was led by his theory of mental organization to attribute the germ of his no less striking faculties of intellect. Johanna Schopenhauer, distinguished for her voluminous romances, her social genius, her somewhat wild, not to say Bohemian ideas of life, and powers of imagination and wit which made a slave of Goethe, could hardly fail to stamp the mind of her son with some impress of her peculiar idiosyncrasy. The atmosphere in which he was reared fostered this native influence. Precocious in talent, he was early thrown among a social circle of which the leading lights were such as the Schlegels, Klopstock, Reimarus, the Staëls, Goethe and Wieland, Puckler-Maskau, and, at one especial period, Nelson and Lady Hamilton. Expelled by the outbreak of the French Revolution from their own city, the family started upon a round of travel through Belgium, Switzerland, France, and Great Britain—an advantage which a youth of such quickness and observation did not fail to turn to account in the acquisition of modern languages, a lively horror of popular insurrections, and an intense love of English habits and institutions. His father, himself somewhat of an original, recommended to him at this early period the habitual reading of the *Times* newspaper, as the most faithful and living picture of society and the world at large. And to this practice he adhered to the day of his death, having the paper transmitted to him punctually wherever he was. At Göttingen, he studied side by side with Bunsen, under the direction of G. E. Schultze, chiefly in the direction of Plato and Kant. Medicine formed also one of his pursuits. His life was from the first one of solitude and reserve. In 1811 he repaired to Berlin for the teaching of Fichte, to which, however, he shortly became inveterately opposed. The example of his mother ruining her children by dissipation, added to the rather prosaic scandals of her connexion with Goethe, is said to have contributed to that cynicism which he ever felt, or affected to feel, for women. We hear of him, notwithstanding, enjoying life both at Venice and Dresden, after a truly Byronian model—*In Italia mille e trè*. The great work of his life, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, was first published at Leipzig in 1819. It is strangely in keeping with the cold and cynic element of his character that on the eve of its appearance he started on a tour to Rome and Naples, where he passed above a year, heedless apparently of the fortune of a book which contained his whole original system of metaphysics. After a short term of professorship at Berlin, he resumed his travels in Italy till the year 1825. Flying in 1831 from the cholera, which carried off Hegel at Berlin, he finally established himself at Frankfort, in company with a female servant and a shock-dog, in comfortable apartments on the quay of *Schöne-Aussicht*. His life was that of a classic sage, regulated by maxims of prudence, comfort, and supreme self-regard, to which end his means and resources were husbanded with parsimonious care. Without pretending to stoical abstinence from the good things of life, his rule was that of Seneca and M. Aurelius—*naturam sequi*. His confident expectation was, by his régime of healthy physical activity, to live to a hundred years, but death surprised him, in the form of a pulmonary attack, at the immature age of seventy-two. With those who disliked him—and they were many—Schopenhauer passed for a morose, selfish, and crusty old bachelor, a fanatic in his opinions, and dictatorial in laying down his crotchets. To the few who admired him and penetrated his reserve, he seemed a creative and inspired genius, to whose serene, unruffled intellect truth had revealed herself in the final positive forms of philosophy, science, and art. Amongst these, M. Foucher de Careil was admitted to an exceptional degree of intimacy, and has drawn for us a friendly yet discriminating portrait of the sage. For the men and books of his country he cherished an equal contempt. English and, above all, French authors attracted his sympathies, and filled his library. Next to Kant, he used to aver, Helvetius and Cabanis marked epochs in his life. Rabelais, rarely read in Germany, was another of his favourites. He almost blushed to be a German, taunting his metaphysical countrymen with looking into the clouds for what they had always under their feet. "The word 'idea,'" he would say, "so clear and precise to a French or English understanding, sets a German off in a balloon." His

conversation struck M. de Careil at their first meeting at a *table d'hôte* at Frankfort. He was then in the last year of his life, an old man, with a clear blue eye, thin sarcastic lips, an immense forehead fringed with long white tufts on either temple, and an expression of mingled nobility and malice. His leared frill and white cravat recalled the image of an elderly gentleman of the time of Louis XV. Like most men who are constitutionally shy and reserved, he was most at home, next to a few intimates, in the society of utter strangers. A brilliant talker, jealous of contradiction, quick and petulant in tone and gesture, of rich and unerring memory, and measured while easy precision of phrase, he exhibited much of the conversational cleverness, as he anticipated many of the special opinions, of the late Mr. Buckle. His was the same vast erudition, the bookish knowledge, at the same time devoid of pedantry, which characterized Montaigne. A lover of order and clearness, "obscurantism" was with him the unpardonable sin. His philosophy, like that of Socrates, formed one with his life; and his special *demon* was humour, that modern analogue of the Socratic irony. His method of analysis and observation was the same.

At the base of the metaphysical and moral system of Schopenhauer lay the peculiar idea of Will. This, he would boast, is my great discovery, my hundred-gated Thebes. At the bottom of everything there is but one force, single, identical, always the same—never increasing, never diminishing—always equal, that is, like matter, in its quantity and total effect, however varying in its manifestations or modes of combination and exercise. This force, which slumbers in the plant, wakes in the animal, and becomes conscious of itself in man, and in man alone, is no other than that of will. The world, physical and moral, is one grand outbreak of volition. It is obvious that, in this summary and sweeping generalization, Schopenhauer chose to include under the category of will much of the class of phenomena which, in ordinary psychology, takes the title of vital force. He held firmly, however, with Bichat, the theory of two lives—the organic and the animal, the impersonal and the personal—that of the moral temperament, and that of the perceptions and reason—the sphere of volition and the sphere of intellect. The universe was to him one vast systole and diastole of balanced forces, or, rather, one great mechanism in which will was the motive and quickening power—the will of each individual forming part of the harmonious whole, obeying the general laws by which one and all are held together; the whole and each part acting and re-acting just as each material atom and the whole material cosmos balance each other by the principle of gravitation. This is what in our country, and sometimes even in Germany, has been stigmatized as materialism. It differs, however, from what is vulgarly and superficially bandied about under that term, in that its fixed material or mechanical order rested ultimately upon a purely spiritual basis. It was not that matter gave its laws and conditions to the faculty of will, but that will itself dictated and moulded the forms or co-existences of matter. Here, too, came in with correlative force the second distinction of his subtle philosophy. The world, besides being the product of will in a general sense, becomes known as the mental projection, representation, or "reflection" of the will that produces it—*die Welt als Vorstellung*. What is the world to me, he would say, but that which grows up around me under the development of my faculties? Without the eye there is no colour, without the brain no thought, without the stomach no digestion. The vital or volitional force, in which alone lies the power to organize and assimilate, is the centre round which and out of which grows up the entire scheme and aggregation which to the conscious mind constitutes the world. In this point the authority of Berkeley carried it with him over Kant. "No object without subject" was his very starting point. The three great names in his Pantheon were those of Kant, Plato, and Buddha; but in this, the fundamental article of Kantianism, Schopenhauer set himself against his master. Kant, he allowed, had unsealed the eyes of his countrymen, "he had couched them for the cataract," by his famous distinction between the reality and the phenomenon of being—between the "thing itself" and the appearance of the thing. But Kant erred fatally, to his eyes, in his attempted reference of the empirical or sensational element to an exterior principle of causation. "The empirical part comes to us from without; the matter of intuition is given us by the outer world." "Given us by whom?" cries Schopenhauer. "Given us by what? Let him tell us who can." The sensationalist school is here, strange to say, as far wrong as the spiritualist. Both think it impossible, without being sceptical as to the existence of the exterior world, to deny that the empirical is given from without. Schopenhauer boldly makes this denial. In his animated language, here was the Achilles' heel of the Kantian philosophy, and by this he held himself to have wounded it to death. In the complete act of consciousness, Kant would make three distinctions—the representation, the object of the representation, and the "thing itself"—the first lying in the domain of sensibility, the second in that of the understanding, the third beyond all power of reason. Schopenhauer saw but two. The representation and its object were, with him, one and the same thing. In the purely hypothetical notion of anything intermediary he found the source of fallacy. The object of the Kantian representation is made up of what has been in part borrowed from the representation, in part from the thing itself—*Ding an sich*. It follows that all is representation, and that the world of the intellect is nothing but a series of representative images connected together by the law of causality. He is here plunging into the gulf of idealism from which Kant drew back,

but only to reappear at a point beyond, safe and sound, buoyed up by the theory of volition—*die Welt als Wille*. Instead of losing himself in the pursuit of the absolute cause, he would start from the Will, seeing in this the only reality, the ultimate thing itself, the creative power in all conception.

But what are the consequences when this bold generalization is pushed from the theoretical into the practical reason? What become the three great objects of knowledge—the soul, the world, and God—but three deductions from premises altogether sterile, three distinctions wholly artificial, three names for one and the same reality? Deity, nature, the human soul—these are but modes of representing the same vital force, emanations from one source, expressions for the same idea, called up by the only ultimate power in man and things, the power of will. In this monstrous paradox, the Pantheism of Spinoza comes forth, as out of the cauldron of Medea, in a new but startling shape. This it is which has made the world recoil with horror from the name of its author—"the dreadful anti-Theism of Schopenhauer," which is the chief idea associated with him here.

But more than Theism came under the challenge of his destructive system. He could triumphantly denounce "the illusion of death!" What, he asks, is the fear of death? Not the result of reflection, for that would imply that life is something precious. It is the blind instinct, the unconscious will to live. If man were only an intelligent being, death would be to him an indifferent, or even a happy event. But intelligence is itself the mortal part of man. The will is alone indestructible, and independent of time. The ardent desire which impels it, as part of the universe, to exist and to energize, is for ever satisfying itself. It is this which really makes the world. To cease from action, if possible, would be terrible. The will cannot really cease, but intelligence, making it conscious of its existence in the particular case, would have it expect to perish with herself, as the image perishes with the breaking of the mirror. This illusion fills it with dread. Thus the will, which is to the being as the shadow to the body, while falsely led to fear death, is really safe from its attack; the mind, holding itself secure, is doomed to annihilation. Thought or intelligence is born of the brain and dies with it. It must cease with the individual in whom it took its birth. Like the world which the senses reflect, and which is in fact called up by them, it has no reality beyond that of a mere phenomenon. Life is a lamp which burns for a while and goes out when no more wanted. Will, on the contrary, being the instinct and power of life, remains for ever the same. By the act of death, the will, which is indestructible, separates itself from the perishable consciousness, and clothes itself, at every birth, with a new intelligent shape, with which it forms a new being, wholly unconscious of an earlier existence. In this eternity of the will and resurrection of the understanding he seemed to attain the conception of a higher kind of metempsychosis.

Life, of course, on this melancholy hypothesis, had for him few charms, and absolutely no hopes. Futurity became a myth, and heaven a dream for children. "Could there be higher beings?" Dr. Gwiler asked him, one starry night, looking up at the planet Venus, and speaking of the notion of astral or supramundane existences. "No," was the philosopher's reply. "Would any superhuman and more gifted being wish to keep up for a day this wretched farce of life?" For society, for politics, he sees no better life than for the individual man. Modern visions of progress, the aspirations of young Germany—he flouts them with derision. His early lessons in revolution left him a deadly horror of the liberty of the barricades. "The triumph of democracy—what is it but the worst of barbarisms, or the prey of the most cruel tyrants? Society seems destined to oscillate for ever between slavery and license." With an energy which appears savage by the side of the delicate irony of Candide, he surpasses even Voltaire in denouncing the vanity of optimism. "The world is bad, born brimful of pain and evil. The doctrine of the Fall is only false because it is superfluous. The world never was good, and never had to fall." All animal nature is called to witness, by its toils and sufferings, to his merciless thesis, "Optimism refuted by the Brutes." This frightful pessimism, the most extreme since that of Timon, is pushed by him into religion. It forms, in truth, his religion itself. The one true idea on which all religions rests, he finds, resolves itself into the worship of pain. The firmest and most durable religious societies, he urges, have been founded upon contempt of man, the sense of his nothingness and degradation, the reality of sin, and need of expiation—the universal conflict, *bellum omnium*, forced upon all by the demon of nature.

Mysticism has some charm for him, so far as it approaches to spiritual suicide and absorption of the intellect in self-negation. But he yearns for a stronger doctrine than this mere lethargy, this Nirvana of the soul. Severer, more abnegatory ideas come nearer to his requirements. Certain sects, at home and in the East, have approached the truth and lived. Christianity, so superior to Judaism or Paganism, through its pessimist foundation, has sunk and degraded itself as a religion when degenerating, as among Protestants, into a weak indulgent optimism, inconsistent with its principle, and fatal to its tendencies. The Trappists alone have kept true to its idea, and they have lasted. The worst enemies of Christianity are the optimists.

Transported by his mournful discovery, the author would seek its origin in the past, and consecrate it by antiquity. The cradle of this sombre belief is the East, and its progenitor Buddha. "Talk

of the West converting the East! why the fundamental ideas of Europe are wafted to her from Asia. Christianity supplant Buddhism! The sole hope for Christianity lies in its renaissance under Buddhist inspiration. Europe would be teaching her grandmother." Oriental studies naturally engrossed his mind, Sanscrit and the Semitic tongues dividing his attention. Kant, Plato, and the Vedas made up the bible of Schopenhauer. A figure of Buddha, imported at great cost, was shown with mingled pride and malice to his friends. Despising as he did his countrymen, he would pique himself on pointing out that whatever supremacy they affected in art, science, or poetry came to them through their Indo-Germanic ancestry. In all their tendencies, mystic or transcendental, there peeped out the Asiatic. "Scratch a German, you will find the Buddhist underneath." "The Ganges and the Rhine are only geographically separate."

Strange, melancholy, and deterrent, the speculations of Schopenhauer are likely to remain a monument of dark genius rather than a light of philosophy. His brilliant talents have attracted worshippers without kindling conviction. There is in their fitful glow the phosphoric fire which absorbs all within its deadly reach. They form no centre of warmth and hope, but the funeral pyre on which faith, and trust, and aspiration immolate themselves. The Berlin Academy may have been premature in crowning with its laurel the essay of M. Seydel, which was thought to have blotted out his name from the list of philosophers—*sophistam istum e philosophorum choro sustulisse*. Genius and Enthusiasm are never wholly without those who believe in them and invest their possessors with the attributes of heroism and inspiration. Such, especially, are sure to abound in Germany, and many are actually to be found who, like the author of *Sturm und Compass*—supposed to be M. Linder of Berlin—revere in Arthur Schopenhauer the model of the faithful and submissive Christian. To the world at large, whose intellects fail to soar to the lofty cynicism of Faust or Manfred, or the callous resignation of the Indian fakir, the philosophy and the man will stand as a warning memento of something sadder yet than even the absence of simplicity and faith—the impotent efforts of the intellect to pierce the void.

DRAGONS' TEETH.*

THE old story said that where dragons' teeth had been sown there sprang up a crop of armed men, and Mr. Pycroft wishes to impress on the readers of his tale that where the dragons' teeth of habits of indulgence are sown in youth, a crop of armed monsters—vice, misery, and shame—is sure to follow. It is a book more especially intended for silly mothers, weak aunts, doting sisters, and all female relations who have the charge of darling boys. We like the moral, and think the story more than readable. It is like a lady's story-book, only it is written by a man. There is a simplicity in the characters and the incidents, an easy vein of small fun, an inclination to preach, and a pretty knowledge of family details which recall the style in which we have often found our lady friends attempt to instruct the young. On the other hand, the author knows too much about the naughty world, and is too full of common sense and too downright in his morality, for a lady. So he presents a happy union, and it may be hoped that his arrows of reproof are just those that will stick into the female mind. His hero, Ned Walford, is one of two twin sons, who are born after their father's death, and one of whom is heir of Richcourt, the wealth of which is indicated by its name, while the other has nothing. Their mother devotes herself to them, but she treats the heir with tenderness and reverence, while she forces the other to rough it, and prepares him to make his own way. The aim of the book is to show that it was the heir who really had the disadvantages, while the younger son had the advantages of the position. The careful mother kept sowing dragons' teeth in the mind of the eldest son, and the reader may trust the author to bring up the armed men pretty thickly in the second volume. And the particular form of sowing dragons' teeth to which the mother had recourse was one which especially arouses Mr. Pycroft's indignation, and is very aggravating to watch in real life. Ned was too precious to send to a nasty rough big school, so he was first kept at home, then sent to a private tutor's, and then had a tutor in his home to cram him for Oxford. Ned, on the other hand, is sent to Eton, is knocked about, and then learns to knock others about, plays cricket, row, and also does verses after the most approved fashion. Consequently he is a happy, sociable, useful boy, and comes to glory and prosperity in the second volume. This, then, is the moral of the story. Silly mothers and aunts and sisters ought to send boys to big schools, and not pet them and have them brought up delicately at home.

When Ned gets to Oxford, the armed men begin to sprout up. He is made to feel he is a fool; he cannot join in any of the diversions of the place, and he is too weak and awkward to command respect in any set. All that can be said of him is that he is very rich. He is under the tutelage of Tom Snipe, who is an Oxford adventurer and crams rich undergraduates for examinations, and makes a thoroughly good thing out of them. Ned falls in with a pretty barmaid at Woodstock, who is a reduced lady and as virtuous as she is pretty. They fall in love with each other, and determine to run away; but their plans are made known to the authorities, and just as they are stepping into the mail they are caught by a proctor and his assistants. Ned is at first

* *Dragons' Teeth*. By the Rev. J. Pycroft. London: Booth. 1861.

overpowered by grief, but his kind friends at college, and more especially the usual strong dandified college villain who appears as a certain Le Croix, laugh him out of the folly of wishing to marry a barmaid. So Alice is deserted and goes mad. Ned is rusticated, but ultimately manages to get through college. But the armed men are not nearly over. He is fleeced on all sides and is always miserable, and Tom Snipe is always at hand to delude and swindle him. So a few years roll by, when the most tremendous battery of moral instruction is played off against him, and he falls victim to a wonderful plot. He hears of a rich Miss Lindsay, and having, as he thinks, met her and admired her, he considers two such good fortunes had better be joined. The ever ready Snipe is equal to the situation, gets him introduced to Miss Lindsay, and the marriage comes off. But it turns out that Ned is married, not to Miss Lindsay, but to a woman who has personated Miss Lindsay, and who is really the sister of the injured barmaid. Snipe has been privy to this, and has colluded with the woman who has taken this means of avenging her family. Ned has sense enough to declare that it is only a mock marriage, and that he shall not acknowledge his sham wife in any way, and then Snipe laughs it off as a practical joke, and Ned forgives him. In due course of time, Ned marries very suitably—his wife being a sweet, amiable person of good family, who loves him devotedly. But he has not got rid of his armed men. In the first place, there is a burglary on one of his farms, and the farmer and his wife are murdered. Ned is very active in his efforts to arrest and convict the felons, and he succeeds in getting one man sentenced to execution. On the evening before the sentence is carried out, he discovers that this criminal is his own son, the fruit of an old low intrigue of his boyhood. And, what he minds much more, Hannah the avenger, the heroine of the mock marriage, turns up and manages to persuade him that the marriage with him was a real one. He is consequently in the last stage of despair, and his wife cannot penetrate his misery until Hannah boldly comes to his house and tells the lady the horrible truth. There seems no way out of the scrape, and there is only that way which is now employed at discretion by every novelist. Those who are well up in the novels of the last few years will see light where all is darkness. There comes down a certain Judge, a friend of the family, a marvel of legal sagacity, who hears the story, and mysteriously remarks that something strikes him. This happy guess, for which no foundation whatever is suggested, turns out to be quite right, and the Judge, "who, as it is Long Vacation, has nothing to do," and therefore rides about the country collecting the information himself, proves conclusively that Hannah had been married ages ago to a man still living. This is the last of Ned's adventures; and he retires from the scene in tolerable happiness. The incidents of the story have been too numerous to permit Nat's career to be traced in detail. But we are given to understand at the end that he is a prosperous and eminent Chancery-barrister, and this is a reward for being flogged and kicked at Eton which all must envy.

Mr. Pycroft writes with such earnestness, and is so evidently convinced of the truth of his views, that he can scarcely fail to be persuasive. He is, too, a man who has evidently seen something of the world, and who can form a fair judgment of men and things. A silly mother who read him would therefore be unlikely, unless she were very silly indeed, to remain quite unmoved by what he says. And no person who has had much experience of the upper classes of English life will deny for a moment that Mr. Pycroft is quite right, and that boys do much better at public schools than with private tuition under the eyes of their mother. But, as a matter of argument, we fear it is not quite so easy to prove this as Mr. Pycroft seems inclined to think. He offers for proof the argument of a story. But, in the first place, his argument from a story has the weakness which all arguments from stories have. In order to make the story exciting, exceptional incidents are selected, and people will not allow that exceptional incidents are likely to come in their way. It is absurd to say that a boy who is brought up at a private tutor's will probably try to marry a barmaid, will desert her, drive her mad, and be enticed into a mock marriage by her sister. In the same way, although the general consequences of throwing illegitimate children on the world are awful enough, yet it is so very unlikely that a father should be called on to convict his illegitimate son of murder that a remote contingency like this can have little effect on conduct. Then again it may be argued that, if bad instances are to be taken, the public schools furnish bad instances in abundance. Ned Walford falls in at College with his demon Le Croix, and the swindling tutor, Tom Snipe, and others who encourage him in all sorts of bad ways. There is no reason to suppose that these naughty young men did not come from public schools. Men may go to public schools and not learn cricket or boating, and if they learn both they may be still given to bad practices—they may bet, and throw away money, and swell the list of future burglars. Even if we do not take such black cases as these, it must be allowed that boys at public schools may be as idle as at any private tutor's. Mr. Pycroft takes a very poetical view of the studies of Eton when he represents all the boys as industrious and well-taught there. The silly mamma who kept her boy at home would soon find out from some wise mamma who sent her son to Eton that, in point of learning, their darlings had tolerably equal chances.

Cowper's declamation against public schools may show how very difficult it is to prove the use of public schools to any one at all in the same frame of mind as Cowper, and it is not saying

much against a silly mamma to say that she thinks and feels as Cowper thought and felt. Men do not argue the point at all. They know by experience what the good of public schools is, and they send their sons there, if they can afford it, as a matter of course. But why should the things thought good at a public school be thought good, and why should the things thought bad be thought bad? There is, for example, the use of religious language. Nothing is more alien to the feeling of men trained at a public school than that boys should use religious language, whereas to weak mammas nothing is more delightful. They are in ecstasy with the graces and gifts and heavenly-mindedness of their sons, while public school men would look on them as little horrors. There is a phrase current at missionary meetings which sums up exactly all that is admired on one side and detested on the other. The regulation speakers at these meetings are in the habit of saying of those precocious little Christians whose lives and deaths they record, that "they expressed themselves very nicely about Jesus." Now a boy who expressed himself very nicely about Jesus would be the admiration of many mammas, while the toes of a public school man would tingle to kick him. And yet, if the two were to argue the point, the lady might have the best of it. She would urge that it was everything to get her boy to think rightly about religious subjects, and to be interested in them, and to have courage to speak boldly of them. Supposing he were sent to a place where he learnt cricket rather better than he could learn it at home, but where he left off religious feelings and religious language, would the gain equal the loss? We only know one answer to this—the answer of experience. Practically, it is found that boys brought up to use religious language very generally turn out badly; that the sons of clergymen are, as a rule, the most troublesome, wrongheaded, and unprincipled boys at school; and that boys educated at home escape few temptations in the long run, and, even if they are well conducted, are mostly nerveless, priggish, bigoted creatures. Experience teaches men this, and the public school man builds on a rock of experience from which nothing can shake him. But the lady, not having the experience, cannot be argued into reasoning from it; and it must be owned that, if it were not known that public schools did good, many theoretical reasons might be found to show they would do harm. Therefore, though every silly mamma who is led to bring her boy up more wisely than she would have done is a gain and a triumph, and though Mr. Pycroft, as it is said in prefaces, will be fully recompensed if he has brought one single mother to see what is wise, yet we fear the number of silly mothers who are to be argued into sending boys to big schools is few. The real agent that acts upon such women is fashion. They do not like their sons to be left out of what others prize, and they cannot stand the triumphant way in which female friends speak of their Tommies and Johnnies at Eton or Rugby. And public schools get every day more fashionable, because the opinion of educated men gets more powerful, and the opinion of educated men is altogether in favour of public education.

VENETIAN DIPLOMACY.*

HERE are some admirable materials which have not been made the most of. There are hardly any sources of history more important than the reports made by Ambassadors to their own Governments. Of all public documents, none bring us more completely face to face with the men of past times, their actions, feelings, and objects. They are reports made without any intention to deceive, and made commonly by men thoroughly competent to make them; for, if a foreign ambassador labours under some disadvantages, he has advantages which far more than counterbalance them. He may not be so well able as a native to enter into the domestic controversies of the nation to which he is sent, but he is at least impartial between domestic parties, or estimates them according to the interests of his own country. And of the general relations of one Power to another he ought to be better able to judge than other men. Add to this that, in the times to which this volume is devoted, though able negotiators were to be found in unusual abundance, they did not form so distinct a class as they do now, and were less cut off from the ordinary business of political life. Several circumstances unite to give a special value to the despatches and reports of Ambassadors in that particular age. It was an age in which, more than in most of those which went before and which followed it, the will and the character of particular princes, their ministers and their favourites, were the determining causes of events. At no time had Governments everything so completely their own way as in the interval when the old form of freedom had died out and when the new form of freedom was not yet developed. At no time, then, was external history more generally made up of that class of events of which foreign Ministers are qualified to be the best judges. And their reports come in most opportunely to supply the want of either the earlier or the later form of trustworthy contemporary history. Men wrote freely in the days of the old monastic chronicles; men wrote freely in our days of unlicensed books and newspapers. In both cases, men often did and do write both carelessly and passion-

* *La Diplomatie Vénitienne. Les Princes de l'Europe au XVI^e Siècle. François I^{er}, Philippe II, Catherine de Médicis, les Papes, les Sultans, &c. &c., d'après les Rapports des Ambassadeurs Vénitiens. Par M. Armand Baschet. Paris: Henri Plon. 1862.*

ately, but, on the other hand, they could then, and can now, write honestly if they please; and when honesty is wanting, the dishonesty more commonly takes the form of unscrupulous partizanship than that of interested flattery. But the sixteenth century was emphatically the age when history was more corrupted by courtly vices than in any time before or after. Every prince, however contemptible, had his history written in the form of panegyric. This is, doubtless, partly mere interested adulation, partly the honest superstition which deified its rulers, partly the courtier's way of thinking and speaking of things, in which the ruler is everything and the people nothing. An Ambassador writing to his own Government may not be wholly exempt from the two latter failings, though he is likely to be less under their influence than a native; and from the first and worst an Ambassador, unless he be a mere corrupt traitor, will be wholly free. We must be prepared to find in his reports the prejudices of his age and of his order; we must not expect either a higher morality or a more clear-sighted view of policy than in an average statesman of the time; but we may fairly look for a view at once calmer and more truthful than is likely to be found in either the private or the public writings of the several nations which the Ambassador has to describe.

But, among all reports of this kind, the reports of the Ambassadors of Venice are the most remarkable. The Serene Republic had some special advantages in this way. Never was any State richer in the class of men who are most thoroughly cut out for diplomatic success. A good Ambassador, like a good Speaker of the House of Commons, is a man who is first-rate in a second-rate business. The virtues of the very highest class of men are thrown away in such a calling. Men of the heroic type—men suited to be founders, restorers, or deliverers, either civil or military—are not commonly the men for the work. Here and there some wonderful mortals have been orators, generals, and diplomatists all at once, but in most cases the interests of nations are likely to gain by the division of labour. Now, of all forms of government, an aristocracy of the Venetian type is the most fertile in men suited for the diplomatic calling—men able and eminent, but hardly to be called great. A government of this sort is not favourable to the development of genius, but it is in the highest degree favourable to the development of ability. In such States, public business is the hereditary profession of an exclusive but numerous class. Each member of that class is born to a certain place in the councils of the State; he may by merit easily win a higher and more confidential place in them, while he can never attain to the boundless authority which is enjoyed alike by a popular king and by a popular demagogue. Such a form of government has a tendency to cast all the members of its ruling order in the same mould, to develop all powers except the very highest, to produce a higher average than can be found anywhere else, but to crush all that rises above the average. So it was at Venice, so it was at Rome. There was room, and there was appropriate work, for Fabius, and Marcellus, and Flaminius, and Cato, and Cicero; but Scipio, and Sulla, and Caesar could find no scope for their energies within the limits of the constitution. The diplomacy of Rome was as subtle as the diplomacy of Venice, though the diplomacy of Rome was a diplomacy of aggression, while the diplomacy of Venice was, in the age of which we are speaking, a diplomacy of defence. Venice was no longer a State of the first order; it was no longer possible that a city-republic could hold such a rank. The League of Cambray had proved what she could do and what she could not do. She triumphed over, or rather she baffled, a coalition of the greatest Powers of Europe; but the struggle was beyond her strength. She never again held the place which was hers in the old times when she was more than the peer of either Empire. She was, for the future, a minor Power in point of extent and of actual strength, but one which, in many respects, still met the greatest Powers on equal terms. Her Italian territory was compact, prosperous, and, in the sense of despotisms and oligarchies, well governed. No part of Europe suffered less either from foreign wars or from domestic disturbances. The subject provinces were content with the sway of their masters, as they well might be when they compared their lot with that of the subjects of the neighbouring monarchies. They were ruled, in short, if not with generosity, yet with an enlightened selfishness which few rulers of that age had been able to attain to. The distant dependencies were less well off, and it may be doubted whether they now added at all directly to the strength of the Republic. But, with a State in the position of Venice, her strength greatly depends on her reputation. Her Eastern dependencies preserved to her at least the outward appearance of her old greatness, and, if they exposed her to the enmity of a powerful foe, they enabled her to win and to keep her noblest character in the eyes of men. Crete and Cyprus added little to the material strength of the Republic; but the mistress of Crete and Cyprus, the champion of Christendom against the Infidel, the State whose whole national being was one ceaseless crusade, held a position which could not have belonged to a mere Italian Power, whether Duchy or Republic. Her whole greatness rested on her dominion. As a provincial city of a foreign Power, she has not retained even that measure of prosperity which might have been expected to adhere to her even as a provincial city. Milan prospered, though she lost, first, her republic, and then her princes; but it would seem that Venice, like Rome, can exist only as a ruling city. A State in such a position as this—with such a union of strength and weakness, certainly not loved,

and no longer exactly feared, but looked on by other nations with a sort of envious admiration—was in exactly the position where diplomatic skill was most needed. No State, therefore, attached more importance to diplomatic proceedings, and no State was ever better served by its diplomatists. From an early time it was usual for any Venetian who was sent forth on any public errand, whether his commission lay within or without the Venetian dominions, to give in on his return a report (*relazione*) of the state of the country which he had visited. By a law passed in the thirteenth century, these reports were to be first made by the returning ambassador himself in the Senate, and then given in writing, to be preserved in the Secret Chancery. Though the diplomatic correspondence of other Powers is highly valuable, we know of no other country where the same regular and organized system of reports has been adopted. Indeed, we can hardly fancy the *relazione* in this formal shape existing anywhere but in an aristocratic republic; it is not the sort of document which one can conceive being laid either before a King or before a democratic Assembly. M. Baschet strongly maintains, in opposition to the Belgian historian M. Gachard, that these reports were meant to be secret, and that, whenever they got abroad, it was surreptitiously. However this may be, it is certain that in the course of the sixteenth century a great many copies of these official reports did find their way into the outer world, and before the end of that century printed collections of them began to be made. M. Baschet treats the literature of his subject at great length, and describes the various collections which have been published since, and comments on the use made by various historians of this source of information. It is one which English writers seem to have somewhat neglected. Mr. Rawdon Brown's *Four Years at the Court of Henry the Eighth*, from the despatches of Sebastian Giustinian, stands, as far as we know, alone in our literature. Nor do English writers and readers seem generally to have turned to much account the collections made in France, and still more largely in Italy. It may be merely that English writers and readers have not of late been very busy with the general European history of those times. Our American brethren, Mr. Prescott and Mr. Motley, have certainly not neglected them. Whenever our language contains any decent narrative of the reign of Charles V. they can hardly fail to be of inestimable service.

It is perhaps from the fact that this source of history is comparatively unknown in England, that throughout this volume we cannot help wishing that we had less of M. Baschet and more of the Venetian Ambassadors. Scraps here and there, in a French translation, patched together by a great deal of writing of M. Baschet's, which, after all, does not amount to a connected history, do not make a very satisfactory result. M. Baschet, in short, has given us just enough of these *relazioni* to make us wish for more. A collection of original documents, with such explanatory notes as are needed, is one thing—a thing, if well done, thoroughly good in its own kind. A history, with references to and extracts from the authorities used, is another thing, and, if well done, it is thoroughly good in another way. But M. Baschet's volume is a confusion of the two. It is a jumble between a book of reference and a narrative to be read, and it does not give us the whole story after all. If M. Baschet aspires to write the history of any period, let him do so, and let him use the Venetian Reports as one of his chief sources. But if he wishes to edit Venetian Reports, let him give them in full, merely explaining anything which needs explaining. The mixture of comment and document, neither of them amounting to a narrative, is simply enough to make us wish for another treatment of the same materials. Nevertheless, there is, in M. Baschet's extracts from the *Relazioni*, a large amount of important matter bearing on the very diversified subjects reckoned up on his title-page. Some of these we will make the subject of another article.

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX'S REMINISCENCES.*

THE frequent appearance of books of the same class as Lord William Lennox's *Reminiscences* is no doubt due to natural causes. When a man has been "knocking about," or "in society," or "about town" for fifty years, he becomes highly charged with recollections—a perfect Leyden jar of anecdote ready to explode at the slightest approach of a publisher. Sometimes the author discharges himself in the form of a book, of his own accord and for his own relief; sometimes it is at the request, and most likely for the relief, of friends. However given to repeat himself after dinner, a man cannot decently quote himself; and we can easily imagine persons who enjoy his society slightly altering the wish of Job, and saying, "O that our friend would write a book." Whether the volumes before us were produced by pressure from within or from without we cannot say. There are a great many anecdotes in them that look very like the story of "ould Grouse in the gun-room," and probably have been laughed at these twenty years. At the same time, there is an autobiographical air about the book which argues a deliberate design on the part of the author to tap himself, and at once get rid of half a century's secretions of gossip, to prevent congestion. Lord William Lennox is obviously just the subject for this kind of plethora. He is, we should imagine, a pleasant, jovial, genial gentleman, with strong social instincts, and a very considerable power of

* *Fifty Years' Biographical Reminiscences*. By Lord William Pitt Lennox. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1863.

adapting himself to circumstances. He seems, like noble old Captain Macmurdo in *Vanity Fair*, to have been "at home with people of all ages and ranks, generals, dog-fanciers, opera-dancers, bruisers, and every kind of person," and, like that gallant though undistinguished officer, to have behaved with "perfect good-nature, simplicity, and modesty of demeanour," in whatever state of life the course of events happened to place him. At eight years of age we find him figuring in private theatricals at the Castle of Dublin. At fifteen, when cricket and boating formed the business of life to his cotemporaries at Westminster, he was the Duke of Wellington's Attaché, and looking on at the great match of "All Europe" against Napoleon. By sixteen he had lost an eye, fractured his skull, and broken his arm in two places. He was at Waterloo, though not as a combatant. In the piping times of peace that followed, he was everything by turns, and tried his hand at acting, racing, yachting, literature, and legislation. A man so various, and of such experience, and with, be it observed, a strong literary bias, must have burst had not the charitable and liberal Messrs. Hurst & Blackett relieved him of his accumulated reminiscences.

To the majority of readers, the most interesting part of these two portly volumes will be that which refers to his life as Attaché and Aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington. Few men have ever had such opportunities of seeing the Great Duke under every sort of circumstance as Lord William, and the picture he gives is a very pleasant one. The popular view of the Duke's character is embodied in the sobriquet of the "Iron Duke." He is generally looked upon as a cold, hard, inflexible man, with strict notions of duty, none of a joke, and an unconquerable habit of writing curt letters beginning, "F.M. the Duke of Wellington desires, &c." In Lord William Lennox's pages we get glimpses, not merely of his urbanity and sociability as a man of the world, but of his good-nature, kindness, and thoughtfulness as a friend. His magnanimity was not of that sort that reserves itself for great occasions, as is abundantly shown by an anecdote which Lord William tells of his residence in Paris in 1814, though, perhaps, no one except a hunting man will appreciate the extent to which the virtue was displayed. It is bad enough to be suddenly told, in the height of the hunting season, that your best horse is dead lame; but to find that the accident happened after a good day which you were obliged to lose from business, and that its author is a youngster of fifteen—all this makes it a severe trial of a man's temper and philosophy. When Wellington heard that Lord William had lamed his horse Elmore in returning from a run with the Royal Hunt at Chantilly—"Can't be helped," said the Duke, in his usual quick voice. "But," continued the chief, "I can't afford to run the chance of losing all my best horses, so in future you shall have the brown horse and the chestnut mare, and if you knock them up you must mount yourself." In estimating the value of this incident as an illustration of his good-nature and command of temper, it should be borne in mind that the Duke was a hunting man *pur sang*. But, like everything else he did, hunting to him had a certain connexion with duty. At the time when it was considered the right and popular thing to gird at the man who had done more than any one man in our history to make England powerful and respected, every one of his detractors, from Lord Byron downwards, had his fling at the Duke for keeping a pack of foxhounds in the Peninsula. But "the object of his Grace," says Lord William Lennox, "was not merely to enliven the leisure hours of himself and his officers during the monotony of winter quarters, but to encourage a manly and invigorating amusement, tending greatly to promote health, activity, and courage." He said himself that "he found the men who followed the hounds brave and valiant soldiers," and certainly never was there a campaign so remarkable for brilliant and daring horsemanship before the enemy as that of the Peninsula.

A far higher interest attaches to the account of the doings in Brussels in June 1815. *Eheu fugaces!* the eye-witnesses of Waterloo are becoming scarce, and it is well to have put on record the evidence of one who had such opportunities as Lord William Lennox. We are not now going into the argument as to which side, according to all the traditions of warfare, ought to have won, or into an examination of the accidents to which, it is said, the result of the battle was due. The French have pretty well revenged themselves for Waterloo, and have made Englishmen almost as sick of the name as they are themselves. But we may refer our readers to Lord William Lennox's remarks on the absurdity of the idea that the Duke of Wellington was taken by surprise. Few men now alive are likely to be so well informed on this question, for, young as he was, owing to the position of his family, the personal friendship of the Duke, and many other circumstances, he was as much behind the scenes as any one well could be. That memorable ball at Brussels which preceded the battle of Waterloo was given by Lord William Lennox's mother, and it was to the Duke of Richmond that Wellington explained his plans when the news of the capture of Charleroi came in:—

"I have made arrangements to fight him at Quatre Bras (he observed), and if I find myself not strong enough to fight him there, I shall fall back towards Blucher, and fight him here." The Duke pointed to the open country, where he made a mark with his thumb-nail.

The friends then separated, and my father returned to the supper-room with the map in his hand, and showed the locality of the coming battle, as indicated by his illustrious guest. The field has since enjoyed a world-wide fame. Its name, as is well known, was taken from a village of insignificant houses existing there.

It may be rather overstating facts to say, as Lord William does, that "Napoleon fell into a trap that had been laid

for him;" but it is no exaggeration to say that Wellington fought the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo exactly as he intended to fight them, and on the spots he had selected days before. Napoleon's plan being to separate Wellington and Blucher, Wellington's counter-plan was to meet and check him at Quatre Bras, and then fall back and wait for him at Waterloo, on the line of the Prussian advance. In fact, to use the felicitous language of *Bell's Life*, Napoleon came on with one of his usual rushes, but Wellington cleverly stopped him, and stepped back.

Poor Lady Morgan does not fare so well in our author's hands. He describes her in her earlier days as a romp and a flirt, and sadly deficient in delicacy and good-breeding; and afterwards, when she had become fairly launched in society, as an inveterate scandal-monger. His opinion of her literary abilities is even lower than his estimate of her character. In fact, he speaks of her always in a tone that makes one suspect that, with the precocity for which he was remarkable, he must have been, at the age of eight years, one of the gentlemen of the Court who, as he tells us, "professed admiration" for the Wild Irish Girl, and that the sprightly Miss Owenson had the bad taste to treat him as a mere boy. Edmund Kean is another personage who does not show altogether to advantage, though whether the narrator intends the anecdote he gives to be an illustration of the tragedian's high spirit or of his bad taste we cannot make out. A dinner had been got up expressly for Kean by the late Lord Hertford. Everything was done to make it agreeable to him; every attention was paid to him. But the moment the cloth was removed, "the great Edmund turned to Oxberry, pointed to the door, gave him a look which his brother-actor understood, and in a second both had vanished;" and here is the burst of lofty feeling with which he covered his retreat:—

Six months ago not one of these great lords would have noticed the poor stroller—now their adulation is unbounded. Pshaw! I prefer a quiet glass with a friend like you, to all their champagne, effervescent and frothy as themselves.

It is a pity "the great Edmund" did not think of this fine sentiment before sitting down to the dinner and the effervescent frothy champagne of these great lords.

Lord William Lennox's correspondence has a wide range. It embraces the short pithy notes of F.M. the Duke of Wellington and the more elaborate effusions of Mr. Jackson, Champion of England, who subscribes himself, "My dear Lord, with every sentiment of esteem, yours always most faithfully, John Jackson." But, perhaps, the most amusing production in this line quoted is the letter of Dr. Spurgin, inviting his lordship to convey "impressions of the utility of science to a certain class of hearers in an easy and familiar manner" at the Polytechnic. Dr. Spurgin is obviously one of those who believe that, although Heaven may have been pleased to endue the Lords of the Council and all the nobility with wisdom, grace, and understanding, the working classes are sceptical on that point, and that if a stray lord can be got now and then to talk to them on science in general, "whilst contributing to their elevation of intellectual views, the estimation of the higher classes by them would be enhanced likewise." Unfortunately, a party on board his lordship's yacht, the *Loadstar*, prevented the enlightenment of the working-classes on the subjects proposed by Dr. Spurgin.

Here we must take leave of Lord William Lennox's *Reminiscences*, endorsing the author's own estimate of his book. "It is given," he says, "as the lightest possible gossip, put together without art; a mere collection of memoranda of the remarkable characters I have known, more or less familiarly, during half a century." It is only fair to add that it is on the whole pleasant, amusing, and good-natured gossip.

ANCIENT LEAVES.*

THE title *Ancient Leaves* seems capable of two interpretations. The leaves may be leaves of a book—leaves rescued from the great book of antiquity, a few remnants of a volume which has, in a great measure, mouldered and crumbled away with the lapse of ages. Or they may be the leaves of a flower—rose-leaves, for example—saved and gathered up into a little heap, and enclosed within a cover, for the purpose of preserving somewhat of that perfume which delighted the ancients. If Mr. Thompson wishes his title to be accepted in the first sense, the natural remark which at once suggests itself to a critical mind is, that these leaves are not really ancient, but very sorry modern imitations of beautiful originals; while if, on the other hand, he would fain connect *Ancient Leaves* with the idea of scent and fragrance, it is the part of simple honesty and candour to point out to him that they have gone through such a process of pressure and manipulation as to have utterly lost the perfume which of old distilled from them. It will be gathered from this prefatory remark that there is not much in these translations and paraphrases from Greek and Roman Classics deserving of commendatory notice or of elevation above the low level of commonplace translations which year after year continually see the light, and languish, and die out of notice. The versions, longer and shorter, of pieces of Sophocles, Euripides, Homer, Ovid, Statius, Claudian, Sionides, and Catullus, bound up together in the volume before us, might

* *Ancient Leaves; or, Translations and Paraphrases from Poets of Greece and Rome.* By Darcy W. Thompson. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

be matched by many unpublished schoolboy exertions; and, as a matter of fact, they admit of no justification for their publication, on the plea that they surpass existing printed versions. But just as the father of Horace directed his youthful observation to the character and conduct of men around, that so he might learn to avoid *exemplis vitiorum quæque notando*, so, in the case of books generally, it is sometimes wholesome that the reading public should be reminded "what to avoid," and, still more, that young writers should learn to eschew defects which may mar and disfigure their productions. More particularly, in examining translational literature, is it a bounden duty to be keen in noting what should be avoided, because a large proportion of readers—e.g. the unlettered, and the female sex—are obliged to take it on faith that they have in a translation a *bond fide* reproduction of the original, and not rather a shallow counterfeit. Critics must, on behalf of this class, undertake to test both accuracy and closeness of resemblance. Even where there is tolerable faithfulness to the original, an inferior translation is often marked by defects of style, and substitutions of modern taste and thought for ancient; for which cause it fails to become, what a competent hand might to a great extent have made it, a fair counterpart of the original. The tone, style, feeling, and expression of an ancient author require deep insight and long and loving study; and no mere perfunctory conversion of immortal lines into the first English that suggests itself ever did, or ever will, produce a translation deserving of a higher destiny than the hands of the buttermilk or the trunk-maker.

But let us proceed to the task of informing general readers what faults strike us in the matter and execution of *Ancient Leaves*, and of making the volume point one or two morals to intending translators. It cannot be doubted that the author would have done more wisely if he had confined himself to one of the six or seven ancients in whose poetry he has dabbled. Mr. Thompson and writers of his class would do well if they would select a single model of antiquity for study, contemplation, and reproduction, instead of aiming at too much, and essaying to realize in English the spirit of half-a-dozen at once. Within the space of one hundred and seventy-five pages, we have in the volume before us the whole of the *Ajax* of Sophocles, nearly two hundred lines of the *Iphigenia in Aulis* of Euripides, a book and a half of the *Iliad*, detached passages from the fourth, fifth, and sixth Books of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, with divers snatches of Statius and Claudian, and a morsel of Catullus, and another of Simonides to make up the hotch-potch. Surely, in a tried and proved scholar this were a daring provocation of the Nemesis of criticism; but where, as in the case of this venturesome Phaeton of translation, there are frequent evidences of incapacity to manage a poetic four or six-in-hand, the rashness is so excessive that we can hardly hope for his favourable reception of our advice to him, either to remain aloof, or to get thoroughly at home in managing a single steed. As it is, the difficult and subtle Sophocles is plainly too much for Mr. Thompson to manage. The more sober-paced Euripides yields better to his handling. In dealing with Homer, he is feeble and far less expert than the most confessedly-literal and prosaic of his blank-verse translators—Mr. Brandreth; whilst he weakens what little command he seems to have over Ovid's *Metamorphoses* by occasional slacknesses which disfigure the whole. The translations from Statius are probably the worthiest claimants for exception from condemnation to utter oblivion; and they form a small part of the whole book. This is, perhaps, something like "damning with faint praise;" but what can be expected when a translator jumps from Sophocles to Euripides, from Homer to Ovid, and from Statius to Catullus? The only sure way of mastering an ancient author, so as to be qualified for translating him, is to make him interpret himself, by a careful study of him from end to end, and by comparison of passage with passage, line with line, and word with word. It is only a truism to add, that whereas a similar process may enable the man who to scholarship and industry adds a fair share of poetic gifts, to produce a creditable version of any ancient classic to which he addicts himself, the contrary course of fitting from one poet of peculiar characteristics to another of features wholly different, and so on through half-a-dozen or more, must inevitably lead to the production of a confused farrago, with no distinctive marks, but a hopeless blending of all the ingredients or constituent parts. Dryden, in his remarks on Translation, has explained his own practice in translating different classical authors, with a clearness which might illustrate this remark, and to which we would fain call Mr. Thompson's attention.

A second fault noticeable in *Ancient Leaves* serves to account for their scentlessness, and may be held up for avoidance. Mr. Thompson, in his first translation, the *Ajax*, seems to have done what some professors of Pastoral Theology used to advise their pupils to do—namely, to read a sermon of some great divine, shut it up and place it out of reach, and then write as good a discourse from recollection of it as they are able. Just so, Welsh parsons are said to translate Tillotson into Welsh for the native evening service, and back into English for the English congregation on the next Sunday morning. It need hardly be said that the perfume of the English divine is utterly spent and lost in the transmuting process; yet something similar we must in charity deem Mr. Thompson to have done with this play of Sophocles. He has reproduced the plot, and so much of the matter of the play as came to his head and recollection without effort; but the beauties of phrase, sentiment, or thought which evince the mind of the great original are generally either crushed out in translation, or exchanged for an

equivalent number of words and sentences of different significance, which came handier and more easily to the translator. It were an easy task to substantiate this statement by turning over the *Ancient Leaves*. Within the first hundred and ten lines of the *Ajax* we find *εὐχόμενος* (27), which, for the full force of the passage, needs to be strictly translated "hand to hand," or "in close contact," crushed out, while the bald words "most inhumanly" are added to eke out the verse; and similar loosenesses in the translation of *καὶ ἐπὶ τῷ* (v. 35), *τὴν δὲ ἐπιμύπτει βδοῖν*, in v. 42; *πρόσθεν οἷα ἀνὴρ ὅδ' ἦν* (v. 77); which last words are rendered—"Was Ajax more than man?" instead of, "Was not Ajax a hero before? Why, then, fear him only now?" as the passage plainly means. In v. 103, *ἡ τοῦ κτερίστου κινάδος ἔκρου μ' ὄνον* is vaguely rendered, "The subtle, scheming knave;" which is a sample of the vagueness of interpretation adopted throughout. Then, as to the choruses, some are given in blank verse, some in lyrical form, just as the fit seizes the translator, the same form being seldom preserved throughout the same chorus. With such latitude in manner, accuracy in reproducing the matter of the original might surely be expected. But in one chorus the lines 158-161 are given in a sort of halting hexameter, as false to measure as to meaning, Mr. Thompson's model, for the nonce, being apparently *Proverbial Philosophy*, or the *Lily and the Bee*; and in another he indulges in a free, Dibdin-like nautical version, ending with the un-Sophoclean stanza—

Oh, would that we were round the cape
That frowns upon the sea,
With Athens on our starboard bow,
And home upon our lee.

Scarcely less notable, in a bad sense, is the not infrequent introduction into Tragedy, Epics, and Heroics of a flippant, modern-slang, free-and-easy phraseology, which is beneath the dignity of the original composition, and the result of which is a certain degradation of the Muse. In the beginning of the *Ajax* (v. 115), *χρῶ χρεῖ* is translated, "Lay on with a will;" which, had Sophocles been an Englishman, we doubt whether he could possibly have said. In "the death of Hector," Andromache is made to talk to her infant son, Astyanax, of "some fellow (!) who hath parents twain," which seems to be Mr. Thompson's idea of a suitable rendering for the Homeric ἀμφεβολῆς. (Il. xxii. 496.) This same "fellow" is supposed, two verses below, by the same royal lady to address her son with the opprobrious words, "Brat! get thee gone; thy father sups not here!" where the first word has no basis in the Greek, and the remainder of the verse reminds us of an apostrophe to an imaginary Mr. Ferguson, which used to be current slang some twenty years ago. In one of the translations from Ovid, the last verse in the passage is translated:—

The crossiest, croakiest creature in creation.—P. 146.

And in another (Ceres and the Rude Boy. Ov. Met. v. 450—3.) the Latin verses:—

Prodit anus, Divamque videt, lymphanque roganti
Dulce dedit, tostâ quod texerat ante polentâ.
Dum bibit illa datum, duri puer oris et audax
Constitit ante deam, risitque, avidamque vocavit—

are rendered as follows, in a style which, whether regarded as translation or as paraphrase, strikes us as equally worthy of avoidance on the score of bad taste:—

She knocks, and an old crone pokes out her head;
Who gives of porridge from her scanty store,
Poor stuff, perhaps, but then she had no more.
The goddess sups it eagerly; the while
A boy looks on with a provoking smile;
"Why from the way she eats her dinner, mother,
You'd think she never hoped to have another."

The last two lines are a tolerably large amplification of *avidamque vocavit*, and for our part we much prefer old Sandy's version, which, though hardly quotable because he has a weakness for calling a spade a spade, is much more effective and to the point. Not to multiply similar faults, we will confine ourselves to one which occurs in what we consider Mr. Thompson's rashest flight, to wit, his attempt to translate the *Danae* of Simonides. It was mere madness in him to essay a fragment which has been so often and so beautifully rendered, if he was unlikely to import into his version aught of novelty or superior excellence. But we must not say that in his effort there is nothing new. For the first time, probably, the babe Perseus is herein described by his mother as being "cozy-warm"—a vulgarism as bad in taste as it is gratuitous, for there is nothing whatever about *warmth* in the Greek.

Had we space, we might say somewhat more about inelegance and harshness of rhythm, which are of far too frequent occurrence; but these are faults which are perhaps of secondary importance to those noted above. In justice we may point to his versions of Statius and Claudian as above his general average. If he would confine himself to the former of these, and concentrate his efforts upon that single poet, he might yet save a leaf or two from antiquity in a better state of preservation than is the lot of his present multifarious performances. There is, besides, a single specimen from Catullus, which in our judgment is the best bit in the book, and with which, in proof of goodwill, despite the strong remarks we have felt called upon to make, we have the pleasure of concluding this notice. It is the well-known lament of the poet over Lesbia's bird.

Wee bit birdie's dead and gane,
The pet of my ain dearie O,

And now is journeying all alone
The road so dark and dreary O,
The road that man be trod by all
O' mortal men and birdies O.
Sweet birdie kenn'd his mistress weel,
Her face fra ilka ither O,
As weel as e'er my lassie kenn'd
The face of her ain mither O,
And nestled in her breast, he'd pipe
And cheep the hour thegither O.
Ah, birdie, what for was thy life,
Thy pair bit life sae fleeting O,
Tis a' for thee my dearie's een
Are red and sair wi' greeting O;
Tis a' for thee thae bonny een
Are red and sair wi' greeting O.

ICHTHYOLOGY FOR THE ANGLER.*

A SCIENTIFIC book with an avowed utilitarian object is not always an unqualified success. In the first place, such a work is necessarily a hybrid creation, where it is difficult to dissociate the incongruous elements that enter into its composition. Where nine men out of ten mistake crotchets for science, the purely scientific writer has a hard task to make his theories palatable to the sceptical and somewhat mulish majority. He may write with elegance and explain with ease, but, like the unpopular candidate on the hustings, he finds his eloquence thrown away when he is in a vast numerical inferiority to the lungs that shout him down. Then, again, the *utile* and the *dulce*, though they ought to be synonymous, are not always co-existent in literature. A writer who is an adept at antiquarian researches cannot, in the bid for popularity, compete with the sensational novelist. A certain class of readers may appreciate his labours, it is true; but where one person reads the *Antiquity of Man*, five hundred are deep in *Aurora Floyd* or *Lady Audley's Secret*. Prehistoric man, looked at geologically, is not nearly as attractive as modern heroines with horsebreaking propensities. Fossiliferous rocks are only interesting as forming rustic grottoes, and beds of fluviatile gravel are supremely dreary by the side of outrageous plots and highly-coloured characters. Hence, Sir Charles Lyell is voted a bore by thousands who deem Miss Braddon the first of modern writers. The gentleman takes a masterly view of a purely scientific subject, and is coolly shelved because he is practical and his treatise useful; the lady, with a woman's acumen, is simply spasmodic, and, by confining herself to details that are pleasant to the eye and sweet to the taste of a morality not over-refined or fastidious, sells her book and makes her fortune. Here the *splendide mendax* style is a far better investment than the useful and decorous.

Considering the disadvantages under which treatises of a scientific nature thus labour, Mr. Pennell must not be disappointed if his *Angler-Naturalist* is not appreciated as it deserves. To be sure, in this age of pisciculture, he has chosen a semi-popular subject, and fashion may do more for science than the elaborate disquisitions of the most gifted author. Every dog, we are told, has his day; but present appearances go far to indicate that other vertebrata are equally fortunate. At all events, the canine genus does not exhaust our attention, though a superficial observer, judging from the statistics of the Islington and other provincial dog shows, might imagine as much. Mr. Pennell, however, dives deeper into the undercurrent of national thought, and assumes that the fishes, and not the dog, are in the ascendant. We agree with him. This is decidedly an age for fish. Detailed reports go a long way to prove that there is something essentially piscatorial in our Parliamentary debates, whilst inquisitorial Commissioners savour of the same quality. Undoubtedly there are ample reasons why the "science of fish" should no longer continue in the abnormal state which characterized it at the commencement of the present century. About sixty years ago, Mr. Daniel accounted for the unpopularity of this branch of natural history on the supposition that ichthyologists contented themselves with mistaking catalogues for science, and with making their system a manual of dreary technicalities, unrelieved by any reference to nature, or any observations of practical value. He virtually assumed that an elaborate index is but a paltry compensation for poverty of materials and paucity of facts. All this is now changed. Self-interest has taught us that fish is an important element of food, and a source of healthy recreation for the multitude. Consequently, well-digested treatises are supplanting the crude compendia and the barren superfluity of names which so disgusted that reverend author. Mr. Pennell's book is one of these modern improvements. Written with a view of condensing what has hitherto appeared in a detached or fragmentary form, and of introducing the angler to an entertaining and useful companion, it admirably carries out its selected programme. It claims for every sportsman that he should be a bit of a naturalist, and does its part to make the angler a complete one, as far as fish is concerned. That its author is both one and the other we have abundant evidence. The *lucidus ordo* bespeaks the naturalist—the practical information a true disciple of the gentle craft.

Following Cuvier's arrangement, Mr. Pennell divides fishes—the fourth or lowest class of vertebrate animals—into two great series, the osseous and the cartilaginous, and assigns to each their respective orders. Cartilaginous fishes, however, do not boast of any

representatives interesting to the angler; for, with the exception of the lamprey family, all our fresh-water fish belong to the osseous series. This is a host in itself, it must be admitted, when we remember that it comprises the Acanthopterygii, the Malacopterygii Abdominales, the Malacopterygii Sub-Brachiati, and the Malacopterygii Apodes, which together form an exhaustive division of the orders of British fresh-water fish, with the lamprey exception. By other sub-divisions of these orders we arrive at the seven families which inhabit our lakes and streams—the Percide, the Buccae Loricatæ, the Cyprinidæ, the Esocidæ, the Salmonidæ, the Gadidæ, and the Murænidæ, of which the perch, the river bull-head, the carp, the pike, the salmon, the burbot, and the eel are respectively, and in succession, the accredited types. This list of learned names presents no very overwhelming difficulties to the young naturalist; and if he reflects that it includes every specimen he can possibly meet with at any season upon any water—that it embraces the silvery salmon and the peculiarly unattractive miller's thumb, and represents every gradation of size from the chivalrous pike to the no less plucky stickleback—he has good reason to congratulate himself on the brevity of his scientific alphabet. Such a synopsis, however, must necessarily be superfluous and unattractive to the angler, simply so called. With a great proportion of the angling fraternity it is a matter of little moment that the objects of their pursuit are oviparous vertebrata, and that the whole of our fresh-water sporting fish are Malacopterygii Abdominales. Science, as a rule, is repudiated by velvet and highlows. Many a rustic, who can throw a fly across a pool with the lightness of thistle-down and fill his creel on a day when the angler-naturalist fails to obtain a rise, will argue that "booklearning" is of no possible use to the class he represents. To a certain extent he is right. A man who is solely and emphatically what Mr. Pennell calls a "killer of fish" cares only for fish, and not for ichthyology. In his studies the pot usurps the place of nature. He is a fisherman forsooth, wedded to a solitary idea, which resolves itself into active warfare against some particular species of fish. Like the so-called sportsman of the battue school, he aims at infinitude—an immense bag in an incredibly short space of time. He knows all about the particular fish and the particular fishing of his own district, and treats with profound indifference, if not contempt, all scientific information about fish in general. His classification is absurdly simple—a fish is a fish as soon as it comes to hook. His science is more local than elaborate—it consists of a skilful use of the most deadly bait for a directly practical end. A man of this stamp would quietly laugh at Mr. Pennell's book, and offer to back his own system against that gentleman's "new-fangled" notions. He would probably win, too, if a superior dish of fish were the upshot, and his own water the condition of the wager. It is no mean compliment when we say that the *Angler-Naturalist* will not suit monogamists of this fashion. Written in the interest of pisciculture, it would scarcely fulfil its part if it either fitted their intellectual calibre or pandered to their destructive propensities. Happily, however, there are a large and rapidly increasing number of persons plying the gentle craft who are ardent ichthyologists. They deem, with Mr. Pennell, that "to the angler the value of even a moderate acquaintance with ichthyology cannot be exaggerated. Not only is it of the greatest practical use, by the insight which it gives him into the habits, food, spawning seasons, &c. of the several fish—and, consequently, into the best means of taking them—but it also doubles the pleasures of success." As a general rule, we may assume that real sport of every description is greatly enhanced by a correct appreciation of the scientific data that exclusively belong to it. The most accomplished huntsman is not the man who, with iron nerves and a good eye to country, rides brilliantly to hounds, but the man who is well up in the habits of the animal he pursues, and knows the peculiarities of temper and the exact capacity of every hound he brings into the field. If Mr. Pennell claims that an angler should know as much about fish as a huntsman does about a fox, he merely labours to rest his favourite pursuit upon its legitimate foundation. He is of opinion that there is a science attached to fish, beyond the tying of artificial flies or the preparation of natural baits. Why should the angler continue in ignorance of so much that is interesting and instructive? The answer to this simple question is a very useful and practical treatise.

We cannot attempt to follow Mr. Pennell seriatim through the several species he enumerates; but, in confining our observations to the pike and salmon, we are led to this selection by the intrinsic value of the one fish, and by the slight divergence from the beaten path which, in his history of the other, the author adopts. The question between him and other ichthyologists is this—Is the pike an aboriginal, or is it an introduced species into English waters? Yarrell, and the majority of controversialists, arguing from its scarcity and the extravagant price it commanded in England in former days, assume that it was originally imported, whilst Mr. Pennell maintains the contrary opinion. We must confess we are inclined to side with him. Judging from an analogous instance—the rareness of the ruff and reeve at this present time—we fancy a writer is hardly justified in making the scarcity, or even the extinction, of any natural product at some particular period in a nation's history, an argument against its indigenous character. The popular idea that the pike was imported into England is probably derived from the old distich:—

Turkey, carp, hops, pickerell, and beer
Came into England all in one year.

* *The Angler-Naturalist, a Popular History of British Fresh-water Fish, with a plain Explanation of the Rudiments of Ichthyology.* By H. Cholmondeley Pennell. London: John Van Voorst. 1863.

If, then, the naturalization of pike is contemporaneous with the importation of turkies and hops, for which 1524 is the date assigned, Leland must have been considerably out of his reckoning when he mentioned "608 pykes and breams and 12 porpoises and seals" as forming part of the bill of fare in a feast given by the Archbishop of York in 1466. His statement, moreover, that a pike of great size was taken in Ramesmere, Huntingdonshire, as early as the reign of Edgar, at all events gives it a Saxon connexion with this country—a view which etymological considerations unquestionably support. As to its being a rare and dear fish compared with salmon, the territorial magnates of those days are really responsible for this fact. Roystering lords and guzzling monks must have their "luce" at any price, and consequently private stews monopolized the supply, to the exclusion of the public market. If salmon were the jet-sam and flotsam of the free ocean, pike were the ligan of the preserved fishpond. Lynx-eyed keepers watched and fattened them for home-consumption, not for the million; and it is, perhaps, from the peculiar ideas which these voracious gentry proverbially entertain on the subject of perquisites, that the historian had the chance of recording how, in the reign of Henry VIII., "a large pike sold for double the price of a house lamb in February, and a pickerel or small pike for more than a fat capon." The salmon family Mr. Pennell divides into twelve species, some of which, like the Loch-Leven trout, are merely local varieties. The patrician of the stream, *salmo salar*, passes through three gradations before he assumes the *toga virilis*, being successively a parr, a smolt, and a grilse. Of course different localities have different names for these stages of salmonhood, which, often springing from theories equally rude and extravagant, are productive of considerable confusion. Local fishermen are invariably a pigheaded race, and the endeavour to persuade the unscientific West-countryman that salmon peel are merely small grilse will probably prove about as thankless a task as the attempt to convince the inhabitants of Slapton that the size of the perch in their far-famed Ley "is insignificant, rarely passing a few inches, and more commonly being still smaller." What, however, is of far greater consequence than disputed points of this nature is the testimony Mr. Pennell bears to the importance of the reforms now in the course of operation for the management of our salmon fisheries. There seems to be no earthly reason why these should not become an important element of national wealth. In Scotland, the value of the Tay fisheries has been considerably augmented, at a comparatively nominal cost, since artificial breeding was adopted in 1853; and, in France, the results of the same system have been of the most favourable description. Whilst in the former, on one river alone, the returns represent an increase of value closely verging upon one hundred per cent., in the latter, fish-hatching is carried out on a gigantic scale, and the establishment at Huningue has restocked many of its finest rivers. We learn from official statistics that, in 1861, 16,440,400 eggs of eight different kinds of fish were distributed from this one centre. The proprietors of our fisheries at once forget their duty to the commonwealth and are blind to their own interests, if, with the French and Tay-side experiments to guide them, they continue in their present state of supine indifference. Considering that the number of ova deposited in the Tay this year amounts in the aggregate to 275,000, while the working expenses have not exceeded 50*l*., they cannot excuse their stolidity on the plea of the costliness of the enterprise. That argument against progress is reduced to a minimum when we remember that in France fish are turned out at the rate of twelve for a penny, and in England at less than a farthing for each salmon. Mr. Pennell, Mr. Buckland, and a few others have done their part. They have worked hard on behalf of the salmon in spite of territorial apathy; and our gratitude will mainly be due to them should this species again be as plentiful as it was in those days of mythical indentures when apprentices stipulated for less salmon and more bacon.

MEXICO.*

MEXICO has occupied a far larger place in the hopes and aspirations of French thinkers and writers than is commonly understood in England. When, early in July, Paris was illuminated, and flags were flying in remote provincial towns, to commemorate the surrender of the Mexican capital, there was of course the sensation of relief from a prolonged state of doubt and uneasiness—so unusual in the career of French arms—as well as a lift in the gloom which had begun to settle over the financial aspects of the struggle. But there was a great deal more besides within the range of view taken, if not by a considerable section of the populace, at any rate by men of ability and education, and thorough-going French patriots into the bargain—a class of which M. Chevalier affords an excellent type.

The history of Mexico, political and social, has never wanted copious and well-qualified writers. And, since the beginning of the present European intervention, these sources of information have been largely drawn upon by French compilers. To works purely historical, there has been added a flood of publications of the narrative kind, issued more or less avowedly with the sole object of meeting the demand of the moment. A short time ago, on a railway book-

stall at a small town in the extreme South of France, we found on sale no less than three distinct works of this sort—Bazincourt's *Mexico Contemporain*; Duplessis' *Aventures Mexicaines*; and Vigneaux's *Souvenirs d'un Prisonnier de Guerre au Mexique*. M. Chevalier's book comes under neither one class nor the other. It is not a mere compilation; still less is it an ephemeral tribute to popular sensation. It is an exceedingly clever and interesting political essay on the present and future of Mexico, heavily weighted—in our opinion much too heavily—with a condensed account of its past history. We do not know whether Prescott has ever found a French translator. If he has, it was a task which M. Chevalier might have spared himself to swell his pages by a critique on the poetry of King Nezahualcoyotl, and a treatise on the gods Huitzilochli and Quetzalcoatl. And even if the French public has had no previous opportunity of studying these matters in its own tongue, they are quite irrelevant to the well-reasoned panegyric on the French intervention which is the kernel of this elaborate tract. This is the portion, rather than somewhat trite details about the Aztec customs and beliefs, which will really attract the English reader's attention.

M. Chevalier goes at considerable length into an examination of the "Monroe doctrine," and claims that all European Powers have an interest in Mexican intervention, if only to bar a single section of the New World from imminent danger of absorption into the United States. With regard to the doctrine itself, he quotes at length that part of President Monroe's Message of 1823 in which the famous words are to be found, and exonerates the President himself from the charge of having meant what he has since been made to mean. The following are the principal words in question, re-translated from M. Chevalier's French:—

It is a duty which we owe to truth, and to our desire for a continuance of amicable relations with the allied powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt which they might make to extend their system to any portion whatever of this hemisphere, in the light of a menace to our repose and security.

This, argues M. Chevalier, coming from a man of Monroe's character and sagacity, was only intended as a warning that the Union would take the States of Central America, newly emancipated from Spanish and Portuguese control, under its immediate protection, and would resent any efforts towards reducing them to their old allegiance. It was not until several years afterwards that factious statesmen began to travesty and falsify the Message of 1823, and to transform it into "une défense signifiée à l'Europe de s'occuper des affaires de l'Amérique." While standing up, however, for justice to the memory of Monroe, M. Chevalier does not for a moment shut his eyes to the "défense" as an actually existing element in the policy of a large body of American statesmen, and as a cherished dream of the American populace. If he did, the current tone of the extreme Republican press might help to open them. The most "just and opportune" method of providing employment for the "800,000 best troops in the world," and for "welding the North and South into a unit," was repeatedly declared after the Gettysburg successes to be "a war with France and England, by which the former of these Powers would be driven out of Mexico, and the latter out of Canada;" . . . nor would a draught be necessary, "for to whip the Western Powers of Europe out of this Continent the country would always supply more volunteers than would be required."

But the European interest in Mexico, however great, is comparatively small by the side of the particular interest of France. It is impossible to help admiring, and in some degree sympathizing with, the enthusiastic but perspicuous periods in which M. Chevalier pours out his thoughts on the future possibilities open to France in the New World. He does not distinctly express, but plainly feels, the utmost satisfaction at her having been left to carry out the intervention alone. France is the "elder sister of the Latin races"—their crown, their safeguard. In that capacity, looking at past history and calculating on years to come, it is high time for France to be astir. With unflinching finger, M. Chevalier points to the map of the world. He describes what the Latin races were two hundred years ago, and asks what they are now. He reverses the contrast in the case of the "nations chrétiennes dissidentes"—Protestant and Greek Churches—and shows that, while the Catholic nations have suffered infinite losses, their rivals have gained, and are daily gaining, ground in an almost equal degree. At the beginning of this period of two centuries, Russia was hardly reckoned as an item in the political balance. She has now a population of seventy millions, without taking Poland into the account. Then, Spain was still one of the great Powers, and Prussia was not yet a kingdom. Now, Prussia is an established member of the European Pentarchy, while Spain is humbly canvassing for readmission within the charmed circle. Moreover, Prussia now counts nineteen millions of inhabitants, against only sixteen millions in Spain. Turkey is barely able to retain a precarious existence, and much of the space occupied by the empire of the Crescent will be filled by several Christian States; but this will be no gain to Catholicism, for the new occupants will be Greek, not Latin, Christians.

Great as the decline of the Latin races is thus shown to be in Europe, their relative depreciation—or, in other words, the progress of non-Catholic communities—is much more striking if we look beyond European limits. Across the Atlantic, two hundred years ago, there was a modest English dependency, with a population under a million. That dependency has grown to be the United States, with a population, slaves being included, of thirty-one millions. The civil war, "éclatant à l'improviste comme un

* *La Mexique, Ancien et Moderne*. Par Michel Chevalier, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Hachette. 1863.

ouragan," is regarded by M. Chevalier as only a temporary interruption to this career of prosperity. It will by and by be ended, and population will then advance with renewed vigour. Mr. Kennedy's prediction will be fulfilled, and by the year 1900 the United States will be teeming with a hundred millions of inhabitants, while France will have barely reached forty millions. It is quite possible that the area of the States may be then divided among three or four separate Powers; but each of those Powers will occupy a surface four or five times larger than France. On the whole continent of America there exist at present only two Catholic centres (*agglomérations catholiques*), Brazil and Cuba. Brazil is respectable, and may in time become a Power. But meantime she has within her the bitter root of slavery, and, with an area equal to three-fourths of Europe, she numbers less than eight millions of inhabitants. Cuba is also the nurse of slavery, to say nothing of her being possibly destined to change masters at no very distant date. Crossing the ocean again, we come to Australia, which will one day form several large States, and which, so far from being Catholic, is "essentiellement Anglaise, et les tendances chères à la cour de Rome en sont absentes." New Zealand is English, and Ceylon is English. In India, Catholic France was formerly the energetic competitor of Protestant England, "mais nous n'y sommes plus rien, et les Anglais y sont tout." In China, France has done much, but commerce has not kept pace with arms, and the commercial lead is in the hands of America and England.

These and similar considerations, enumerated in M. Chevalier's clear and genial style, put one singularly *en rapport* with the point of view from which an intelligent and sanguine Frenchman regards the Mexican question. Here is the very field for the head of the Latin races to work in. Though now forming an insignificant fraction of the population, the Spaniards have still enough connexion with Mexico to justify the "elder sister" in making use of their name. And then the field is a really magnificent one. Mexico, even since the cession under the Gadsden Treaty, has a surface of a million square miles, more than three times the extent of England and France united. Should the old United States eventually split into three sections, each forming an independent Power, Mexico would be the fitting area of a State equal in resources and population to any one of the three. This noble territory has been hitherto entirely wasted. Notoriously misused by the Spaniards, it has gone through a scarcely broken series of anarchical commotions since the rejection of their yoke in 1810. The guerilla wars of Hidalgo, Morelos, and Matamoros, the ephemeral empire of Iturbide, and the wavering political lead of Santa Anna, have filled up the half century since that date. There was never a State which by possibility could lay claim to membership of the Latin family that needed more imperatively the interference of its "head." Under the protectorate of France, the fortunes of Mexico would be completely reversed. The tide of emigration would at length be turned in her direction. Her resources and capabilities are boundless. With sound institutions and a firm government, this offshoot of Catholicism might vie with the best of her Protestant neighbours. China would be her great labour reservoir. Attracted by a country offering peculiar advantages of situation and climate, and guaranteed against the exactions and rough usage which they have met with in California and Australia, the Chinese would soon flock into Mexico in a mighty stream of immigration, and the much envied tide of English emigrants to the States (*Que ne donnerions-nous pas pour en avoir le quart en Algérie!*) would be at length matched by a movement with which the Anglo-Saxon race would have nothing whatever to do.

We cannot conclude without calling attention to the last, and perhaps the most interesting, section of M. Chevalier's treatise—a dignified critique on the political blindness of the Catholic clergy which can hardly be read without suggesting some useful thoughts to both clergy and laity of other communions. This section of the book is written with reference to the future adjustment of Mexican institutions. In order to make the country stable and prosperous, those institutions must be liberal. But in order to take root and to succeed, they must have the support of the clergy. Here is the author's darkest fear. The whole "Roman Question" may have to be fought over again on Mexican soil. The latest Allocution of Pius IX. touching on Central American affairs (March 6, 1863) furnished but a very gloomy prognostication of the policy likely to be dictated from Rome. All this suggests to M. Chevalier a series of elaborate and deeply interesting remarks, written with an evident and thoroughly serious appreciation of the past history of Christianity and a strong feeling of what it may yet do in the political world. He justly deprecates the growing chasm between religion and science, and appeals to the reflection and good sense of the clergy not to widen it by a blind intolerance, and not to throw away their last chance of retaining a hold on advancing mankind by hopelessly mistaking shadows for substance. The following appeal well deserves quotation, and may not be read without advantage among ourselves:—

Nous avons vu, il n'y a pas une année encore, les évêques de toute la chrétienté réunis à Rome, sous le prétexte d'honorer la mémoire des martyrs du Japon, souscrire avec une unanimité imposante à une adresse au saint-père, dont l'objet était de proclamer qu'un immense malheur menaçait l'église et la foi, et que ce malheur consistait dans les efforts des Italiens pour transférer leur capitale à Rome, en dépouillant le saint-siège de son pouvoir temporel. Ah! comment au milieu de ces éminents prélats ne s'est-il pas rencontré un seul homme pour s'écrier, à la proposition de cette adresse, que le suprême danger que court la papauté et la religion est autre que celui de l'absorption du territoire pontifical par l'Italie conjurée, ou que la modi-

fication profonde d'un pouvoir temporel qui a déjà croulé sur lui-même et ne subsiste plus que de nom; que le péril imminent, celui qu'il faut écarter par tous les actes que la foi autorise, c'est la séparation entre la hiérarchie catholique et la civilisation moderne; que cette séparation est déjà manifeste dans les opinions des deux hautes parties, et que, par l'irrésistible impulsion de la logique, elle risquerait fort de se consommer complètement et d'éclater sous la forme d'un schisme, si la situation actuelle se prolongeait?

We have made no attempt to criticise M. Chevalier's views in detail. It may, however, be remarked that, whatever may be the value of his political speculations, his eminent position among French economists gives a special value to his statistical calculations. If he is a hearty Imperialist, his Imperialism is probably rooted in the belief that the Empire is the fittest instrument for working out those economical principles which he holds to be indispensable to the prosperity of France.

A NEW ALPINE GUIDE.*

NOW that so large and important a section of the comfortable part of the community are going, or going to go, to Switzerland, Mr. Ball's *Guide to the Western Alps*—by which he understands the Alps south of the Valais, and west of a point some short distance beyond the Simplon—will be highly acceptable to the public. To those, indeed, who have heartily betaken themselves to the new field sport (for such is its true character) of mountaineering, it will be invaluable, for the ordinary Guides are intended far more for those who travel on the regular route than for persons who sympathize with the pursuits of the late President of the Alpine Club. Mr. Ball's small and convenient volume—it is about the size and weight of a *Continental Bradshaw*—may be considered as one of the results to which the Alpine Club may reasonably appeal in support of the usefulness of their body. It collects, and indeed pretty well exhausts, all that their energies have brought to light about the peaks and passes of that part of Switzerland to which it refers; and it appears, from an advertisement, that its author intends to follow it up by a similar account of the Oberland and the north-eastern section of Switzerland.

That part of the book which may be described as the Guide proper follows the usual plan of guide-books in describing the various objects which occur on different routes. It is divided into six chapters, relating respectively to the Maritime Alps, in the neighbourhood of Nice; the Cottian Alps, which lie a little to the north, and of which Monte Viso is the most conspicuous summit; the Dauphiné Alps, comprising Mont Pelvoux and its neighbours; the South Savoy Alps, accessible principally from Chambéry; the Graian Alps, of which the pass of the little St. Bernard is, perhaps, the best known name; and the Pennine Alps, which extend from Sixt and Chamouni to the Simplon Pass, including Mont Blanc on the west, and Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn on the east. The most remarkable feature of this part of the book is the extreme care with which the latest mountaineering news is, as the Americans would say, "posted up." In every district all the chief ascents of the most experienced heroes of the Alpine Club are collected, and described with an eye to giving practical advice to those who are inclined to imitate their example. Probably no one on the spot knows as much as Mr. Ball's book will tell them about the ascent of Monte Viso, for instance, and the way to make the tour of it, either in twelve or fourteen hours, according to the route (stoppages included); and it is an odd thing to find in an English guide-book all manner of information about the ways of getting up and down a mountain called the Roche Melon, merely for the sake of amusement, the top of which has for several centuries been visited annually by crowds of men and women as an act of devotion. It is probably the highest place of pilgrimage, and also the most difficult of access in Europe, as it is 11,621 feet above the level of the sea.

Of the six sections into which Mr. Ball divides the Western Alps, five are still comparatively little known—so far, at least, as details are concerned—notwithstanding the exertions of the members of the Alpine Club, and other persons who have betaken themselves to mountaineering. The Pennine Alps, forming the chain which extends from Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa, are no doubt pretty well explored in their main features. Most of the peaks have been ascended, and most of the passes traversed. It should be observed that, in mountaineering phraseology, a pass means a place where you can get over, though it may take you ten hours to scramble up on the one side, at the risk of your life, and six or seven more to let yourself down on the other, with the prospect of breaking your neck. For instance, the Col de Miage is a pass. Some chamois hunters, "of whom one perished in a crevasse at the north base of the Col," are said to have traversed it. Mr. Coleman passed it, and so did a party whose performance is described in the second series of *Peaks and Passes*. It took them nineteen hours to get over. Four Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge—three clergymen and a barrister—got to the top, and were stopped by a snowstorm. This appears to be all that is known of this pass, as it is ironically called. Mr. Ball, in perfect simplicity and good faith, observes, "As a pass, the Col has been little used, nor is it ever likely to become frequented." If it ever should, the only thing that could be said to the frequenters would be, "And may the Lord have mercy on your souls."

* *A Guide to the Western Alps*. By John Ball. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

Even in the Pennine Alps, the process of exploration has been slow, and is still incomplete in some parts. A vast number of mountains have been ascended, and many passes crossed, for the first time within the last four or five years; and no doubt the persistent energy of the class of semi-professional mountaineers which has lately sprung up amongst us will, for years to come, be gratified by the constant discovery of different ways of climbing old passes, if such they are to be called, as well as by the discovery of new ones. In fact, however well a mountainous country is known, it is almost impossible to get to the end of it, and this constitutes one of its greatest charms. Every visit may be said, not figuratively, but literally, to reveal new beauties. The quantity of matter in a mountain is something enormous. Our ordinary experience is confined to surfaces which are nearly flat; but when we have to do with a considerable mountain, which may be roughly described as an enormous irregular pyramid, we get a notion of the difference between solid and superficial measure. There is in every mountain an almost inexhaustible amount of variety. As every part of it has a different shape from every point of view from which it is regarded, and as every little eminence furnishes a new, and sometimes a totally distinct point of view, the total number of views is almost incredibly great.

The most interesting, though, for practical purposes, the least valuable part of Mr. Ball's Guide, is the introduction. It comprises a summary of all the information which any one intending to travel in Switzerland, and especially intending to travel on foot, is likely to want. It is amusing to read, and to those who are already more or less initiated in the pleasant pursuit in which Mr. Ball is at once an accomplished proficient and an admirable expositor, it has the interest of calling up a thousand pleasant recollections. To read about alpenstocks, ice-axes, knapsacks, and ropes is almost like handling them once more; and all the good advice as to what should be put into a knapsack, how expeditions should be undertaken, and what should be their limits, is pleasant even to a man who knows by experience how utterly useless advice on such subjects always is. It puts vividly before his mind scenes of happy days when he acquired views of his own on the subject of blisters and their treatment, on the expediency of carrying a spare pair of trousers, the relative convenience on all ordinary occasions of alpenstocks and common walking-sticks, and a thousand other pleasant trifles of which one is too happy to be reminded even by advice with which one disagrees. For instance, it is said:—

Long exposure to the glare of the snow, especially in sunshine, is very apt to cause inflammation of the eyes, &c. The precaution of wearing dark spectacles, or a gauze veil, or both together, should be adopted in time without waiting till disagreeable sensations are felt.

In our opinion, no sensation is so intolerable as that produced by the light which is reflected from the snow immediately under the eye in such a manner as to fall behind the spectacles, unless it is the choking produced by a veil which is effective only when the veil is tied round the neck, so as to intercept the glare from the snow close to you. Our advice would be modelled on that of the old Scotch judge in Lord Cockburn's Life—"Cast aside all modesty, and look" the snow "in the face." As to the consequences, get your face peeled and burnt as soon as you can. Another maxim is, "Avoid overworking yourself at first." This is true, subject to an important rider. The excitement of a considerable expedition will often put a man in training at once; and if you once lose a chance for a good pass or mountain you are not sure to get another. A man ought to know the length of his tether; and a substantially sound but sluggish constitution is able to make a great effort on demand with little previous training. It is horribly disagreeable at the time, but useful afterwards. Then, on the great knapsack question, what does Mr. Ball's pedestrian want with five shirts—"one flannel, three linen or cotton," besides the one he has on? One shirt on and one off is surely abundance. One to sleep in is luxury. Then there are "six linen pocket-handkerchiefs, considerably thicker and stronger than those generally worn." One silk handkerchief, and another in your pocket (if you want it), say we. "A change of outer clothing is by no means necessary, though a second pair of light trousers is sometimes convenient"—yet he is supposed to carry drawers. Leave your drawers behind you, but as you care to combine dryness with decency, take a light flannel jacket and extra trousers, with plenty of pockets in them, especially a watch-pocket in the trousers. Thus you will be able to change all your clothes from head to foot before dinner, and to have your watch, purse, and letters in your pocket in the evening, instead of leaving them lying about loose in your bedroom. Your boots, says Mr. Ball, "should be long enough to admit freely the foot, covered with the thickest and strongest woollen socks"—add, and to allow for the foot swelling into the bargain. A thick sock often does more harm by confining a swollen foot than it does good by warming or protecting it. A friend of ours all but lost both his feet by frostbite on Monte Rosa, in consequence of having put on two pairs of socks, which kept his feet warm, as far as sensation went, but unluckily checked the circulation. Mr. Ball prefers a Scotch plaid to water-proof capes and over-coats. *Negamus*. For all purposes but walking, a plaid is admirable. It is the best of railway wrappers, a first-rate sheet or counterpane in case of need, and, if good, exquisitely warm and soft everywhere; but to put it on is an art in itself, and when it is put on ever so scientifically, it must either encumber the arms or let in the rain. A ventilating waterproof (an oilskin one is a contrivance for frying people in their own grease) will keep out a

great deal of very heavy rain, gives complete protection as far as it goes, and is never in the way. It will also serve as a dressing-gown or spare coat in the evening. Mr. Ball is, of course, great on the alpenstock. We venture to assert, on behalf of those who enjoy walking and can on a pinch go slowly up a mountain, though their names are not written in the chronicles of the Alpine Club, that to such persons alpenstocks are a delusion. A common walking-stick with a spike in it is much more convenient on all common occasions. Even on uncommon occasions, it is more convenient except in extraordinary circumstances, as, for instance, when you slip in crossing an ice slope horizontally, or in descending it. As to slips in ascending, it may be otherwise; it is not so convenient, however, in a glissade. An oak stick, bought for 3d. in an English midland town, has been found to answer every purpose in various modest excursions—once indeed, it ascended the Jungfrau under favourable circumstances—and has always given satisfaction. It is, moreover, unobtrusive on level ground, and claims nothing on behalf of its companion, which is a satisfaction. After all, such a stick is not many inches shorter than the ice-axes which real mountaineers and their guides prefer to poles; and being a solid piece of timber, it is as strong as any stick needs to be. After disagreeing in these small matters with Mr. Ball, let us conclude by quoting two statements, which all competent judges will endorse:—

There are few men in tolerably good health who are not able to walk quite enough to enable them to enjoy nearly all the forest scenery in the Alps.

The wives and mothers of Alpine travellers who are made uneasy by the reports of accidents should know that none have yet occurred that would not have been certainly prevented by adherence to well-known rules, and, instead of endeavouring to withhold their husbands and sons from a healthful and invigorating pursuit, should simply urge them not to disregard precautions which afford absolute security against all its ordinary dangers.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.—THE PRE-RAFFAELLITE SCHOOL.*

A SELF-CONSCIOUS, revivalist, and eclectic age labours under a constant tendency to exaggerate the bearings of single artistic truths, to the disparagement of the principles on which all art is founded. It is not in religion and morals alone that it is easy to sacrifice the spirit to the letter. There can be no question that, as art becomes a subject for analysis and definition, rather than a spontaneous expression of uncritical feeling, it tends to lapse into a manufacture—of a high and half-poetical kind it may be, but of the nature of a manufacture still. Thus, unable to fulfil its essential function of embodying the ideas and passions of the age that employs it, it is forced into a series of strained and extravagant growths, awakening the applause of the fashion-loving multitude, but failing to touch the hidden chords of human thought and feeling. The artist and the art critic, keenly sensitive to the shortcomings of their immediate predecessors, seize hold of certain forgotten or partially-obscured truths, and imagine that all that is needed for the creation of works of the highest order is their urgent enforcement upon a lukewarm or ignorant generation. Such has been the history of the successes and the failures of the class of painters known as the Pre-Raffaellite School. Rebelling against the dominant untruths of the system they found established around them, they preached, with no hesitating self-distrust, the grand truth that the painter's duty is to reproduce what he sees, and that whatever is false in nature is, *ipso facto*, false in art. Dazzled by this discovery, as they conceived it, they forgot the limitations and conditions of all art, whether physical or intellectual, and have succeeded only in the elaboration of works which, with all their undoubted merits, totally fail in reproducing the impression of natural truth. The laws of vision, the laws of light, the laws of human emotion—all these they put out of consideration, and imagine that if only they are vigorously and devotedly true in every detail, they are therefore true in their paintings as a whole, and are speaking with the voices of a most eloquent human language. The eccentricities into which their ablest men fall, under the influence of this strange theory, are sometimes as odd as they are instructive. A fabulous price has quite recently been given for a picture which represents the moon as shedding a strong green light, and the startling novelty has been extolled as the revelation of a hitherto unknown truth in painting. Yet it never seems to have occurred to Mr. Millais and his admirers that pictures are intended to be seen by daylight or by candlelight, certainly not by the moonlight itself, and consequently that the green tones which are true to nature when the moon alone is shining present a different hue under any other conditions, and are, in fact, a ridiculous caricature. Such is the result of the exclusive recognition of single or half truths in a critical and self-satisfied age.

The misconception of the laws of musical art which characterizes the compositions of the German school of which Herr Wagner is at once the prophet and the apostle, furnishes a precise parallel to the defective theories of our English Pre-Raffaellite painters. Overlooking the ineradicable laws of the mind in connexion with musical expression, Herr Wagner imagines that a rigorous truth of dramatic musical detail is the grand want of the age. He systematically writes operas, as the Pre-Raffaellites paint pictures, in a multitude of carefully designed and highly wrought mosaics, and wonders that the heart of the age remains cold and unmoved to passion by

* *Lohengrin*. Grand Opera. Par R. Wagner.

the elaborate whole. The Pre-Raffaellite artists forget that the human eye is not formed to see all the separate portions of a scene with an equal distinctness of outline, and that the operation of this physical peculiarity is practically increased by the depth of the emotions with which the spectator regards the principal actors in any event of absorbing interest. In like manner, the musical school of Wagner forgets that the human mind cannot move, so to say, beyond a certain pace in the melodious expression of its emotions, requiring a distinctly defined prolongation of each musical idea in order that it may be musically felt at all. Moreover, as in every prolonged state of feeling or passion one identical sentiment pervades every variation of the form in which it is uttered in language, so its musical embodiment must take the form of a prolonged melody or tune. A man giving utterance to his rage, his love, or his hope, for five minutes together, in common speech, might employ a variety of forms of rhetorical or poetical phrase; but the one idea of rage, or love, or hope, would give a colour and unity to every syllable that he might speak. Just such must be the character of all prolonged passion in the measured sounds of music; and it is the forgetfulness of this truth which lies at the root of the failure of the present preachers of what is called "the Music of the Future" in Germany. *Lohengrin*, the score of which we have before us, though the work of an accomplished musician, and of a man of undeniable talent, if not of genius, is little better than one immense piece of patchwork from its opening to its end. The whole action of the opera is conducted by a succession of bit-by-bit phrases, generally ugly, though sometimes agreeable, and rarely stupid, but destitute of all unity of idea. There seems no earthly reason why one series of half-a-dozen bars should succeed the immediately previous half-dozen. The notes go up and down, or skip from one part of the scale to another, possibly with some mysterious design on the composer's part, but fidgeting and teasing the listener with one incessant series of commencements leading to nothing, and conclusions in which nothing is concluded. In fact, if the whole of *Lohengrin* were cut up into pieces of from six to ten or a dozen bars, and then put into a bag, shot out again, and placed one after another just as they came, the effect of their performance in their new order would not be strikingly different from that which they produce as now disposed by the composer. The same want of breadth and unity which destroys the value of Herr Wagner's melody converts his freedom and undoubted ingenuity and cleverness in modulation into mere licence and recklessness. We are as far as possible from any pedantic upholding of the particular customs of modulation and counterpoint to which the progress of musical science has brought us at this present moment. Our dislike of the genuine Wagnerian harmonies springs not from their novelty, but from their want of repose and unity, and their inconsistency with that law of continuity and prolongation without which the mind refuses to speak in the voice of music at all. Changes of key, unexpected chords, and astounding discords which would cause the contrapuntists of a century ago to start in their graves, may prove to be full of pure and expressive truth to hearers of a later stage in the advance of art. But art can never transcend the limits of the natural powers of man, and the ear can no more accommodate itself to restless never-ending changes of tune and harmony than the eye can take in the entire half of a panorama with one steady gaze.

We do not suppose that the system of composition advocated by Herr Wagner and his disciples will ever find much acceptance in this country; but abroad it is urged with so much plausibility and perseverance, not to say audacity, that it is worth while to point out its inherent fallacies, and to remind those who are in doubt that it is not merely the dryness of the tunes of "Young Germany" which forbids us to recognise their claims. Even in recitative, it ought never to be forgotten, that a unity of phrase and modulation is absolutely essential to its musical truth. Recitative, conducted on the Wagnerian theory, is like a schoolboy's letter, jumping from one topic to another with an exquisite and unapproachable want of connexion between its brief sentences. Recitative, professedly expressing the successive changes in dialogue or narrative, as distinguished from that dwelling upon certain ideas which is the characteristic of the song, necessarily has its own special elasticity and freedom. But it is elastic and free only under strict conditions. A recitative requires the predominance of a distinct character of melody and modulation as certainly as a fugue itself. The recitative of the greatest masters is, in truth, as unrivalled in this respect as are their songs and choruses. It has as much melody, and exhibits as accurate a sense of form and proportion, as the most singing "tune," as the word is commonly used. Take, for example, the series of recitatives in the *Creation*. Every one of them is a perfect whole from its opening to its closing chord, each phrase leading into its successor, not, of course, with any melody repeating or varying itself, as in the case of melodies framed for exact divisions in time, but yet with most delicately balanced rhythms, and with the same cast of phrase throughout. Still more wonderful is the preservation of form in Handel's greatest recitatives, such as "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart"—a series of phrases and bold modulations combining the perfection of variety with an unbroken unity; a recitative, in fact, so marvellous in its pathos and so masterly in its treatment as to drive the ordinary composer to despair. The same melodious character is equally conspicuous in the greatest of all recitatives, the "Deeper and deeper still." Every listener acknowledges the intensity of its dramatic power, but it is only by a close analysis of its subdivisions that the

breadth of its plan, and the ease and tuneful flow of its separate portions, can be thoroughly understood. When once appreciated, these unrivalled successions of sound haunt the ear like the most marked of opera melodies. This it is in which the *Lohengrin* and nearly all of Herr Wagner's writings are so strikingly deficient; and, therefore, with all their orchestral and contrapuntal cleverness, the world in general, whether critical or the reverse, continues to pronounce them a mistake.

We have dwelt so long upon the peculiarities of this latest development of German theorising that we have but little space for the music of the last few weeks. Its quantity is not large, and its average quality is proportionately improved. Signor Pissuti has published a *Seconda Serie di Cori con Soli* (Mills)—clever and thoroughly Italian trios, rather than choruses, but not strikingly original. Mrs. Reinagle's "A Dead Past" (Addison & Lucas) is one of those half-chanting songs popular with lady singers, and a very good specimen of the kind. Mr. Ellerton, one of our ablest and most fertile English composers, has printed another of his many clever stringed Quartets, in F minor, Op. 60 (Schott & Co.) Like his other writings, it shows that just sense of contrapuntal form, and that ease in the treatment of the separate parts, which is too little understood with the fashionable writers of the day. Mr. Ellerton is a disciple of the legitimate school of Mozart and Haydn, and we can only regret that his Quartets are so little known to the English public. Different in character, but among the most interesting of new works, are four songs by the now popular composer of *Faust*—a "Serenade," a "Chanson de Printemps," an "Ave Maria," and "Nazareth" (Schott & Co.)—all delightful in their several ways. In single works like these, the deficiency in fire and energy which is to be remarked in M. Gounod's operas is not felt; and whether from a feeling that he is attempting something less ambitious, or from some other cause, the composer's source of tune seems less chary of its gifts than at other times. The "Serenade," with words by Victor Hugo, and ingenious *ad libitum* accompaniments for the harmonium or violoncello, is as pretty and piquant a little French *chansonnette d'amour* as a cultivated singer would wish to sing. The "Chanson de Printemps" is a sweet and slightly sad melody, with a *moto continuo* by way of accompaniment, undisturbed by any frequent modulations, and murmuring pleasantly on from verse to verse. "Nazareth," a sacred song, is a solidly-written air, well suited to a baritone, demanding good phrasing and good feeling on the part of the singer, and well repaying study. We miss the original French words, but must not omit to notice the engraved title with its little medallions of figures—an agreeable contrast to the abominations of staring colour which seem so attractive to English song-purchasers. As to the "Ave Maria," it is to be trusted that M. Gounod's example will not be generally imitated. The song is a melody adapted to Sebastian Bach's prelude to his first pianoforte fugue. The prelude is one of Bach's happiest and most flowing movements, but M. Gounod's experiment was hazardous. His success certainly cannot be denied, for his melody is striking and full of expression, and it falls well in with its venerable accompaniment; but its success should warn other writers not to venture on the same very tempting but very hazardous proceeding in any similar case.

FIRMIN DIDOT'S ESSAY ON WOOD-ENGRAVING.

A FEW weeks ago we reviewed the second volume of the *Life of Caxton* by Mr. Blades, an English printer of our own day. We have now before us a work of great ability on xylography—considered rather in its typographical and bibliographical than in its artistic aspect—by M. Ambroise Firmin Didot, a member of the eminent firm of French printers of that name. It is somewhat curious that M. Firmin Didot, though his acquaintance with English bibliographical literature seems to be extensive, makes no reference whatever to the excellent work of his English contemporary. This is much to be regretted, for in all matters concerning Caxton himself, and the earliest English typography, Mr. Blades would have been to him a far more trustworthy guide than his usual authority, Dr. T. F. Dibdin. We observe, however, with satisfaction, that Mr. Blades' general views are confirmed by the independent conclusions at which M. Firmin Didot has arrived. Caxton's typographical descent from Colard Mansion of Bruges may now be admitted as a fact that has been fully demonstrated.

The close connexion between wood-engraving and printing is obvious. Not only did the art of using moveable types derive its origin from the rude block-books which were the first substitutes for the tedious manual processes of the scribe and illuminator, but to this day a wood-engraving is the only kind of illustration that can be worked off by one and the same impression with the printed text which it adorns. M. Firmin Didot, approaching the subject from his own special point of view, confines himself to the history of wood-engraving in its connexion with the printing-press. He declines the interminable dispute as to the origin of the art, and the comparative criticism of the earliest specimens of xylography, which Bartsch has so fully discussed once for all. His aim is to pursue the bibliographical part of the inquiry, to which Brunet, in the new edition of his *Manuel du Libraire*, has given a fresh impetus. It is remarkable that the present work has not a single wood-cut illustration. The author justly protests against

* *Essai Typographique et Bibliographique sur l'Histoire de la Gravure sur Bois*. Par Ambroise Firmin Didot. Paris; 1863.

the "fanaticism"—"que je comprends," he says, "et que j'excuse tout en le déplorant"—which led to the destruction of Dibdin's and Léon de Laborde's wood-blocks, in order to give to the useful works of those authors the merit of mere rarity.

After a hasty summary of the archaeology of his subject, M. Firmin Didot first breaks new ground in an argument which shows how closely connected the art of wood-engraving must have been with the manufacture of paper. Hence he concludes against the possibility of there being any truth in Papillon's story of one Cuneo having engraved on wood some scenes from the life of Alexander the Great in the time of Pope Honorius IV., in 1284. Paper, it seems, was first made in France, at Troyes, about the beginning of the fourteenth century; and the expression *cartes à jouer*—indicating that playing-cards were beginning to supersede the plaques of ivory which had previously been used for the purpose—first occurs in a romance of the date of 1341. The earliest known specimen of wood-engraving is a print preserved in the Museum at Brussels, dated 1418, which represents the Virgin accompanied by four saints. M. Firmin Didot enumerates the block-books, combining some text with the plates, which preceded the appearance of the earliest known specimen of printing, properly so called—viz. the *Letters of Indulgence* of the year 1454; and his list adds the titles of several which are not generally known. All these, he says, were produced by the same process which is still used in the production of playing-cards. He declares that he finds in the drawing of these wood-cuts, rude and coarse as they are, and strangely inferior as they are to the contemporary illuminations, a certain naïveté of expression which recalls the early German school of painting preceding the epoch of Martin Schoen. Surely this is farfetched. We are more fully agreed with our author when we find him confessing, a little further on, "que la plupart de ces figures, qui ornent les livres des premiers imprimeurs, sont si mal dessinées qu'elles ressemblent autant à des singes qu'à des formes humaines." The first book in which wood-engraving was married to truly artistic design was the famous *Hyperbomachia*, printed by Aldus in 1499. The drawings engraved for this volume have even been attributed to Mantegna. Soon after this date, the art was suddenly carried to extreme perfection under the hands of the great German designers Albert Dürer, Lucas van Leyden, Hans Holbein, and others. These artists evidently gave a passionate welcome to a process which promised to reproduce, with a minimum of labour and cost, the exact designs which their own hands traced on the wood. That these artists often drew upon the wood itself is not doubted. But whether they cut the block is another question, which M. Firmin Didot proceeds to consider. He decides the matter in the negative, on grounds which we think conclusive. It is probable, he thinks, that in some particular cases Albert Dürer may have engraved with his own hand the more delicate parts or extremities of his figures; but, generally, no less than three hands seem to have been engaged in the preparation of a wood-cut—the original designer, the draughtsman on the block, and the actual handler of the chisel. Some of the original blocks of the *Triumph of Maximilian*, preserved at Vienna, have the monogram of Hans Burgmair, the designer, on the face, while the name of the actual wood-cutter is inscribed on the back.

Speaking of the complete revolution in the art of wood-engraving accomplished by the genius of Albert Dürer, M. Firmin Didot remarks that the best way of appreciating one of that artist's wood-cuts is to reduce its scale. His theory is that the imperfection of the paper and of the printing press of his day compelled Dürer to resort to undue dimensions for the sake of producing the desired effect. The influence of the great Nuremberg master upon the contemporaneous art of Italy is next judiciously pointed out; and then the author proceeds to describe the various engravings produced by the school of Albert Dürer—so to call it—for the Emperor Maximilian. This is followed by a careful notice of the earliest German printers, beginning with Pfister, who used wood-cut illustrations in their books. One Flemish engraver, of about the year 1500, who is only known to posterity by two cuts preserved in the British Museum, is called indifferently *Philyer* or *Willem*, according as his very illegible signature is deciphered. Holbein, whose name ranks next to that of Albert Dürer in the annals of wood-engraving, began his artistic career by designing illustrations for the works which Froben, the famous printer of Basle, issued from his press. The life of this artist is treated at great length by M. Firmin Didot; and here we may observe that our author, accomplished as he is and printer though he be, is almost as inaccurate in his spelling of English names as most of his compatriots. The epigram of Bourbon de Vandœuvre on Sir Thomas More, jesting with very bad taste on his name and his cruel fate, is not so well known that M. Firmin Didot need have contented himself with quoting only the first line. Why, by the way, Sir Thomas More should always be called *Morus* in these pages, we cannot understand. No other name throughout the volume is so Latinized. Holbein's "Dance of Death" is, of course, carefully described; but M. Didot—though referring once incidentally to Douce—does not seem to have heard of the volume of Bohn's Library which is devoted exclusively to this subject. With the exception of the notices of French typographers, the memoir of Holbein and his works is the most finished part of this book. Hitherto, wood-engraving had been used—as in our own editions of *lure*—for an artistic purpose only. The *Corporis Humani Fabrica* of Andreas Vesalius, printed at Basle in 1543, was the earliest book in which the plates were meant to be directly illustrative of the subject and

auxiliary to the meaning of the text. These anatomical figures were engraved at Venice from the designs of Calcar, a pupil of Titian's.

In Italy, except in Venice, pure wood-engraving was seldom practised. Even the famous wood-cuts of Albert Dürer were copied by Marco Antonio Raimondi in copper-plate. The method, however, of printing wood-cuts in more than one tint or shade—such as are technically called *camaieu*—was chiefly affected by the Italian engravers. This process is now more familiar to us in its application to lithography. A chromo-lithograph might be described as an engraving *en camaieu*. France does not claim the invention of wood-engraving. The earlier French printers, however, used xylography freely in the ornamentation of their books of "Hours." No part of M. Firmin Didot's essay will be more valuable to bibliographers than his careful summary of the works of the earliest French printers. We observe that he promises a further treatise on the typography of his own country. Most people know something of Verard, Hardouyn, Vostre, Petit, the Stephens, and other worthies of the Paris press; but Geoffroy Tory (1518), whom M. Didot describes as "grand artiste, dessinateur, graveur, peintre, écrivain," deserves more fame than has fallen to his lot. Tory was an eminent scholar in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, as well as in his own language, and he abandoned a professorship in the Collège du Plessis in order to turn printer and illustrator of his own books. In quoting some elegiac verses by Tory on the death of his favourite daughter, M. Didot has transposed the words of the last couplet so as to spoil the metre altogether. This seems a worse error than one of the press. One hint is here thrown out, borrowed from an essay by M. Vattier, which is well worth further investigation. There are some arguments which make it probable that the unknown designer of the Henri Deux ware was this very Geoffroy Tory; and M. Didot surmises that he gave up printing in 1538, and devoted himself to pottery. Certain it is that he claims to be an *excellent* *figulus* in the elegiacs above referred to.

The history of wood-engraving in England forms the concluding section of the book. The author speaks slightly of the earliest English wood-cuts, which, indeed, he thinks were imported, like Caxton's first founts of type, from Flanders. Still, the vigour of the hunting scenes in the *Book of St. Alban's* is freely acknowledged; and much commendation is given to the illustrations of the first edition of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* (1562). In spite, however, of Holbein's naturalization among us, M. Didot thinks—not unreasonably—that English wood-engraving was inferior to that of all other European nations, until the universal decay of the art in the early part of the last century. England, however, has the honour of reviving the art, and Bewick's engravings in 1775 were the first fruits of the recovery of the process. Prussia, and then France, adopted the movement. M. Didot brings down his notices to our own day, including the new development which was given to the art by the successful establishment of the illustrated newspapers in England and France, and ending with the publication of M. Doré's illustrations of Dante's *Inferno*. The essay concludes with a hint that it may be the possible fate of wood-engraving to be extinguished altogether by photography. We have sincere pleasure in recommending this treatise to English readers. One serious fault, however, and that a typographical one, must be mentioned. The book is printed in double columns, and in so small a type that it is almost painful to read it. Of this we have some right to complain when the author is himself the printer.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE are so accustomed now to see M. Cousin exclusively in the company of the fair ladies of the seventeenth century, that his return to the realms of philosophy is quite a novelty. The volume now before us* originated with a suggestion made by some of M. Cousin's friends, to the effect that the learned metaphysician should write a sketch of the history of philosophy, forming a kind of pendant to his well-known treatise *Du Vrai, du Beau, du Bien*. His last-named octavo would give the theory, whilst the former would deal with facts; and thus, in the compass of two volumes, we might have, in a condensed form, the entire views of a writer to whom belongs the honour of rehabilitating on the other side of the Channel the study of spiritualist philosophy. The *Histoire Générale* must not be viewed as an original work; for it is, to a great extent, the reproduction of M. Cousin's lectures delivered at the Sorbonne during the year 1829. But since that time wonderful changes have taken place, both in the way of dealing with certain topics and in the importance attached to these topics themselves; fresh documents have been discovered illustrating the lives of philosophers and the development of systems; and, accordingly, it was absolutely necessary that a considerable portion of the original lectures should be revised, corrected, and sometimes even re-written. M. Cousin has taken care to do this, and the numerous foot-notes which arrest the reader's attention at almost every step prove that the recent discoveries of archaeologists and metaphysicians have been thoroughly sifted. As an instance, we may perhaps mention the long but interesting note on Avicenna and Moses Maimonides, pp. 206-209. The *Histoire Générale de la Philosophie* begins with a classification of the various systems that can be applied to the

* *Histoire Générale de la Philosophie, depuis les temps les plus anciens jusqu'à la fin du XVIII^e Siècle.* Par M. Victor Cousin. Paris: Didier. London: Williams & Norgate.

study of psychology, and then gives, in a series of nine lectures, a view of the evolution of these systems from the earliest time to the beginning of the present century.

M. Schnitzler remarks, in his preface*, that the extraordinary abundance of memoirs, souvenirs, and autobiographies is one of the happiest characteristics of French history. The stagnation of political life in Russia has hitherto prevented the cultivation of memoir literature in that country. Where the personality of the monarch absorbs everything, where no one else can expect to take an active part in the government of the State, there is, of course, comparatively little room for revelations of a political nature. M. Schnitzler observes that the Russians themselves have not done much to throw new light upon the history of their country, but he shows that an impulse appears lately to have been given in that direction, and he enumerates a long list of curious works, some of which are of Russian origin, whilst others are due to French or German writers. The fact that during the last century petticoat-government prevailed at St. Petersburg explains both the numerous intrigues which were carried on there, and the appearance of some memoirs possessing real interest; and in course of time we may expect to find all the mysteries of Russian diplomacy laid open before us as completely as the transactions of the Cabinet of the Tuileries or the Court of Vienna. The *Histoire Intime de la Russie*, written by M. Schnitzler in 1847, contained a number of curious details on the Romanoff, Orloff, and Galitzin families. The author had also contemplated the addition of a biographical appendix referring to Count Rostopchine, and of another, fuller still, on the famous Pozzo di Borgo. The materials, however, collected towards the preparation of these two subsidiary works were soon found to exceed the limits of ordinary *pièces justificatives*, and the author determined upon publishing them separately. The biography of Rostopchine is now in our possession; that of Pozzo di Borgo will, we are told, appear very shortly. With the name of the subject of the present work the campaign of 1812 and the burning of Moscow are indissolubly connected, and, therefore, the reader will not be surprised at finding that those tragic events occupy the principal space in the volume. M. Schnitzler has, nevertheless, managed to put together a few details about the Czarina Catharine II. and Paul I. He has likewise given a sketch of the reforms undertaken by the eldest son and successor of Paul during the first half of the nineteenth century, and in describing the burning of Moscow he has taken the utmost pains to fix upon the proper persons the responsibility of this catastrophe. Those who are acquainted with M. Thiers' *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* have remarked how seldom the Buonapartist writer quotes any authorities for his statements. M. Schnitzler remarks very judiciously on this neglect, and at the same time gives a list of the books to which he himself is indebted—books which have appeared since 1856, that is to say, since the publication of the fourteenth volume of the *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*. Those books are all of much importance, and will be profitably consulted by future historians.

Some men never grow old. Whatever the registrar's book or Vapereau's *Dictionnaire des Contemporains* may say to the contrary, they remain settled on the bright side of thirty. Take Jules Janin as an example. We could easily fix the date of his first *feuilleton* in the *Journal des Débats*; but look at the preface of the *Contes du Châlet*†, and say whether it is not the production of a very young man, full of enthusiasm for everything that is noble and beautiful, brimming over with imagination and fancy. The *châlet* which M. Jules Janin celebrates in this preface is the new residence erected for him at Passy—a *châlet* in the strictest sense of the word, small, neat, picturesque, full of treasures of every kind, having a miniature park and miniature waterworks. The walls are ornamented with appropriate inscriptions, and within is a round table, presented to the *feuilletoniste* by M. Lachèze, whom his friend has in return honoured with the dedication of the *Contes du Châlet*. M. Janin is, we think, rather too fond of Latin quotations. There is scarcely a line in his preface which does not contain three or four words printed in italics, and borrowed from Cicero, Horace, or Virgil—the effect being odd, but not pleasing. The tales, six in number, include, amongst other things, the history of a Swedish journalist, Albert Lindahl, who was condemned to death as late as 1858 for defamation of character. If the story is a true one, it should have been placed by itself, and not in the company of fictitious narratives; if, on the contrary, it is the result of M. Janin's imagination, we can only say that he has made an unfortunate selection of a subject.

The "Sons of Tantalus"‡ about whom M. Amédée Rolland discourses are those restless, ambitious mortals who, in their eagerness to "get on," often leave the substance for the shadow, and cast aside with contempt, as quite unworthy of their notice, the tranquil but safe monotony of private life in the expectation of making at once a decided hit either in politics, in speculation, or in literature. The story, with its prologue and epilogue, embodies the experience of three provincials—Jean Louis Pathorel, Jacques Landry, and Jacques Mercier—who start with

the firm intention of *faire fortune* in Paris, and who after a short time are glad to leave the gay city, having bought, at a very great cost, experience which they will not have the opportunity to turn to any profitable account. The incidents of the book are agreeably told, and the character of Richardin—the clever, ubiquitous, unprincipled Figaro of literature—is delineated with great vigour.

M. Arsène Houssaye's novel, *La Pêcheresse**, is a work which, notwithstanding Madame Emile de Girardin's recommendation, should have been left to die forgotten in the company of *Jacques le Fataliste* and *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. The hero of the book, Théophile de Viau, a well-known poet of the days of Louis XIII., and a man of the most dissolute character, begins by relating to a nun the history of his amours. Then, exchanging the part of a narrator for that of an actor, he is represented sinking from one stage of degradation to another till he dies in the most tragical manner, having on one side Dafné la *pêcheresse*, who is certainly the most abandoned wretch that ever lived, and on the other Marie, her sister, who, though a *religieuse*, does not seem to us much better. By way of preface to his book, M. Arsène Houssaye gives us an estimate of Théophile de Viau's merits as a writer. We are quite willing to admit that Boileau's verdict was a little too severe, and that both Balzac and Father Garasse displayed too much spite against the unfortunate poet; but, at the same time, we maintain that it would be impossible to extract from Théophile's voluminous productions more than sixty tolerable couplets; and as for the style of his productions, it is sufficiently explained in the following passage, which M. Arsène Houssaye has selected to form the motto of his repulsive tale:—"J'ai cherché l'amour, et je n'ai trouvé que la volupté; l'amour qui touche à Dieu, la volupté qui touche à l'enfer." To say that such novels deserve to be thrown into the fire is not, we hope, a proof of squeamishness.

M. Berlioz d'Auriac, like M. Amédée Rolland, wishes to disgust young people with Paris and Paris society. Under the title, *Ce qu'il en coûte pour vivre*†, he describes, with a certain amount of *verve*, all the tricks and contrivances by which rogues manage not only to live, but to turn to their own profit the honesty and simplicity of the inexperienced. Georges de Julliy, the hero of the book, begins life with the firm intention of paying off family debts, relieving his poor mother, and obtaining an honourable situation that will procure happiness both to himself and to those whom he loves. By degrees he becomes connected with a number of *agitateurs*, swindlers, and blacklegs of every description; but he manages to pass unscathed through the fiery ordeal, and at last, by means of a catastrophe which is too melodramatic to be pleasing, he hears of something to his advantage—a positive fortune in diamonds. M. d'Auriac does not yet seem to have the experience which characterizes veteran novelists; he does not sufficiently husband his resources, and he mistakes violence for vigour; but in *Ce qu'il en coûte pour vivre* there are several truly effective scenes, and perhaps in his next production we may have to note a decided advance.

The agreeable tales of M. Théodore Pavie‡ are well known to the readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. As the title of the book suggests, they treat of country life; they take us to the wild spots of Western France, and to the grandeur of maritime scenery. Each chapter is a picture; the characters are in keeping with the landscape in which they move; the incidents are not overcrowded; and, as personal observation has enabled M. Pavie to describe *de visu* every item in the scenery, we feel sure that we have before us a faithful delineation of Brittany and the adjacent provinces, as far as the country itself, its customs, its traditions, and its general character are concerned. The author has, in his preface, some very judicious remarks on the necessity of noting down, before it is too late, the distinctive features of each of the provinces of ancient France. The tendency which prevails everywhere is to a complete uniformity, and in a short time the increased facility of communication will have brought the remotest districts of the empire within the reach of Parisian civilization. It is to be hoped that no time will be lost in putting on record the last remaining traces of the manners and feelings of days gone by.

Of the translation of M. Home's startling memoirs§ it is scarcely necessary that we should speak here. Let us, however, take this opportunity of adverting to the extraordinary fashion for works of this description which seems to prevail at the present day amongst our Gallican neighbours. No fewer than seventeen books on Magnetism, Spirit-rapping, Illuminism, and Mesmerism are announced on the paper cover of M. Home's memoirs, so true it is that people are most gullible when they boast of being the greatest *esprits-forts*.

The volume entitled *Études Littéraires et Morales sur Homère*|| is the first of a work in which M. Vidal has put together, almost without alteration, the lectures delivered by him at the *Faculté des Lettres* of Douai during the winter of 1859. The author remarks very truly that although, since the time of

* *La Pêcheresse*. Par Arsène Houssaye. Paris: Lévy. London: Nutt.

† *Ce qu'il en coûte pour vivre*. Par Berlioz d'Auriac. Paris: Brunet. London: Jeffs.

‡ *Récits des Landes et des Grèves*. Par M. Pavie. Paris: Brunet. London: Jeffs.

§ *Récolations sur ma vie surnaturelle*. Par D. D. Home. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthes & Lowell.

|| *Études Littéraires et Morales sur Homère*. Par Auguste Vidal. 1^{re} Partie: L'Iliade. Paris and London: Hachette.

* *La Russie en 1812; Rostopchine et Koutousof*. Par M. J. H. Schnitzler. Paris: Didier. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Contes du Châlet*. Par Jules Janin. Paris: Lévy. London: Nutt.

‡ *Les Fils de Tantalus*. Par Amédée Rolland. Paris: Lévy. London: Nutt.

Eustathius alone, a whole library might be made up of the disquisitions, essays, and commentaries composed about the Homeric poems, yet there does not exist in French literature a single treatise in which the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are examined connectedly, book after book, episode after episode. No critic has yet attempted to estimate, from an æsthetic point of view, the beauties of both poems according to the order in which they present themselves, and the natural succession of their several parts. This is what M. Vidal undertakes to do; and in applying himself to the task, he has adopted as his models M. Tissot's *Études sur Virgile*, and the instructive lectures of M. Patin on the Greek tragic poets. The work before us is more of a literary than of a critical character. M. Vidal gives us copious extracts from Dugas Montbel's translation, illustrating them by ingenious remarks, and comparing, whenever the opportunity offers, the Homeric heroes with those of other epic writers. Nor has he neglected to bring out the strong points of Homer as a moralist, and to show that the poet's knowledge of the human heart is at least equal to his powers of description. Respecting the authorship of the two Greek epics, M. Vidal is decidedly opposed to the system of Wolf, whom he refutes in his *avant-propos*. He admits, indeed, some of the data put forward by the German critic; but he denies the conclusions deduced from them, and he proves his case, not only from the intrinsic character of the works, but also from a reference to other great epic compositions, such as the *Ramayana*, for example. The *Études sur Homère* are divided into twelve chapters, and with the exception of the books xix.-xxi. of the *Iliad*—which, as consisting chiefly of battle-pieces presenting few distinctive characteristics, are merely alluded to—M. Vidal has examined in detail all the episodes of the poem. All the elucidations given by the lecturer are extremely interesting, and are free from the commonplace puerilities which disfigure so many works of the same character. The description of the famous Shield (chap. viii.) naturally leads to parallel quotations from the Bible, Virgil, Chateaubriand, and other writers who have represented the principal scenes of pastoral life and of early civilization. The separation of Hector from Andromache (chap. v.) recalls immediately to the reader a passage from the *Niebelungen*, where Kriemhild endeavours likewise to detain Siegfried when on the point of starting for the hunting expedition which was to end in his death. We shall look forward with interest to the publication of the second volume, containing the lectures on the *Odyssey*.

It has been the custom lately to abuse M. Alexandre Dumas* in the most virulent manner, and those amongst his critics who call themselves moderate are fond of comparing him to some of those Gascon gentlemen whose language is a series of hyperboles, and for whom the least molehill swells into the proportions of a mountain. The famous story of the *bifteck d'ours*, in the *Impressions de Voyage*, and the episodes connected with the Revolution of 1830, as related in the *Memoirs*, have obtained for the illustrious novelist the honour of being regarded as a kind of Baron de Crac. This, we believe, is rather unfair. An author must be allowed to draw a little upon his imagination, and if we mourn bitterly over the realism of contemporary literature, with what grace can we, on the other hand, reproach a poet for embellishing the scenes which he describes? As far as M. Alexandre Dumas' *Memoirs* are concerned, we must confess that we have seldom read anything more amusing, more instructive, and, above all, more calculated to give a correct idea of French political and literary life during the first half of the present century. The stage is crowded with characters, and all the distinguished persons whose names are as familiar to us as household words have their exits and their entrances; but M. Dumas warns us that his *Memoirs* are, properly speaking, the memoirs of the nineteenth century—they are the history of his own times. In a publication like the present, it is not likely that every one should think himself treated according to his deserts. The famous lawsuit between M. Dumas and M. Frédéric Gaillardet, the chapter which refers to the poet Béranger, and the episode of the novelist's expedition to Soissons, had given rise to a number of recriminations and denials on the part of some of the persons mentioned. These recriminations are answered in the notes appended by M. Dumas to the various volumes of his *Memoirs*, and fresh details are given about incidents of a debatable character.

The third volume of Malherbe's works, forming a thick octavo of more than six hundred pages, is not one of the least important in the series of *les grands écrivains de la France*†, and will introduce the French literary reformer under a character in which he is comparatively little known. We have already seen Malherbe as a poet (vol. i.), and as a translator (vol. ii.); he appears now in the capacity of an epistolographer and an historian. His letters, 282 in number, are addressed to his learned friend Peiresc, who was one of the most illustrious *avocats* of the seventeenth century, and kept up an assiduous correspondence with all the distinguished men of the age. From M. Ludovic Lalanne's preface we gather the following facts. The autograph letters of Malherbe to Peiresc, preserved in the Imperial Library in Paris, remained forgotten till the year 1822, when a bookseller undertook to publish them, by way of accompaniment or appendix to an edition he had already given of the poet's more popular works. Unfortunately, the person who assumed the duty of transcribing

and annotating Malherbe's correspondence with Peiresc was absolutely incompetent to such a task. Not even the difficulty of reading the original text can justify the egregious blunders which disfigure the edition of 1822, and the scanty notes scattered through the volume are either useless or full of mistakes. M. Lalanne could not, therefore, derive much help from the labours of his predecessors, and he applied himself to the task of editing Malherbe's correspondence under all the disadvantages which meet those who wander through a kind of wilderness. The late M. Bazin, whose history of the reign of Louis XIII. is so justly appreciated, had prepared materials for a new and much improved edition of the correspondence in question; but those materials were only placed in the hands of M. Lalanne when this gentleman's own MSS. had already been sent to the printer, so that the assistance he derived from them amounted to very little indeed. The notes, both literary and historical, added to the present edition, are highly important, and are indispensable for an accurate understanding of the text. Those which are designed to give a few characteristic details as to personages often of little celebrity, historically speaking, must have required an unusual amount of research; for if it is easy to draw up a note on such men as Concini, Bassompierre, or Jeannin, the task becomes much more difficult when the editor has to identify obscure personages like Gautier, Pontac, or Merargues. With respect to the literary annotations, they will serve to show how scrupulous Malherbe was about style and elegance of language—too scrupulous, indeed, for his letters are singularly devoid of ease, and very different from the raciness which characterises Tallemant des Réaux and Madame de Sévigné. However, as M. Lalanne remarks in his preface, "they place before us a valuable and authentic chronicle of the French Court during the last years of the reign of Henry IV. and the first year of that of Louis XIII."

The average amount of novels has made its appearance this month, but the less said of most of them the better. Besides the works we have already named, we may perhaps except from this general condemnation M. de Pontmartin's *Brûleurs de Temples**, which is a clever satire on modern French society; the Countess de Mirabeau's *Jeunes Filles Pauvres*†; and a kind of controversial tale‡ in which M. Chadeuil has endeavoured to paint the intolerance of the Roman Catholic clergy.

* *Les Brûleurs de Temples*. Par A. de Pontmartin. Paris: Lévy. London: Barthes and Lowell.

† *Les Jeunes Filles Pauvres*. Par la Comtesse de Mirabeau. Paris: Brunet.

‡ *Jean Lebon*. Par Gustave Chadeuil. Paris: Dentu. London: Jeffs.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALFRED MELLON'S PROMENADE CONCERTS, every Evening, at Eight—Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.—Last Week but One.—Mills, Carlotta Patti, M. Lotto, and the Faunt Selection, every Night. The Programme is varied every Night. Band of One Hundred Performers. On Thursday next, September 10 (in consequence of the great success of the BETHOVEN NIGHT), a BETHOVEN FESTIVAL will be given. On Saturday next, September 12, the last VOLUNTEER NIGHT. On Saturday, September 19, the last Night of the Concerts, for the Benefit of Mr. ALFRED MELLON. Admission, One Shilling.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S AUTUMN SHOW, OF FLOWERS and FRUIT, on Wednesday next, at South Kensington. Open at one o'clock. Royal Artillery Band at Three o'clock. Admission, Half-a-Crown. The Show will be in the Southern Arcades.

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HORATIO N. GOULTY.

* *Mémoires d'Alexandre Dumas*. Series 6—10. Paris: Lévy. London: Nutt.

† *Œuvres de Malherbe, Recueillies et Annotées*. Par M. L. Lalanne. Vol. III. Paris and London: Hachette.

